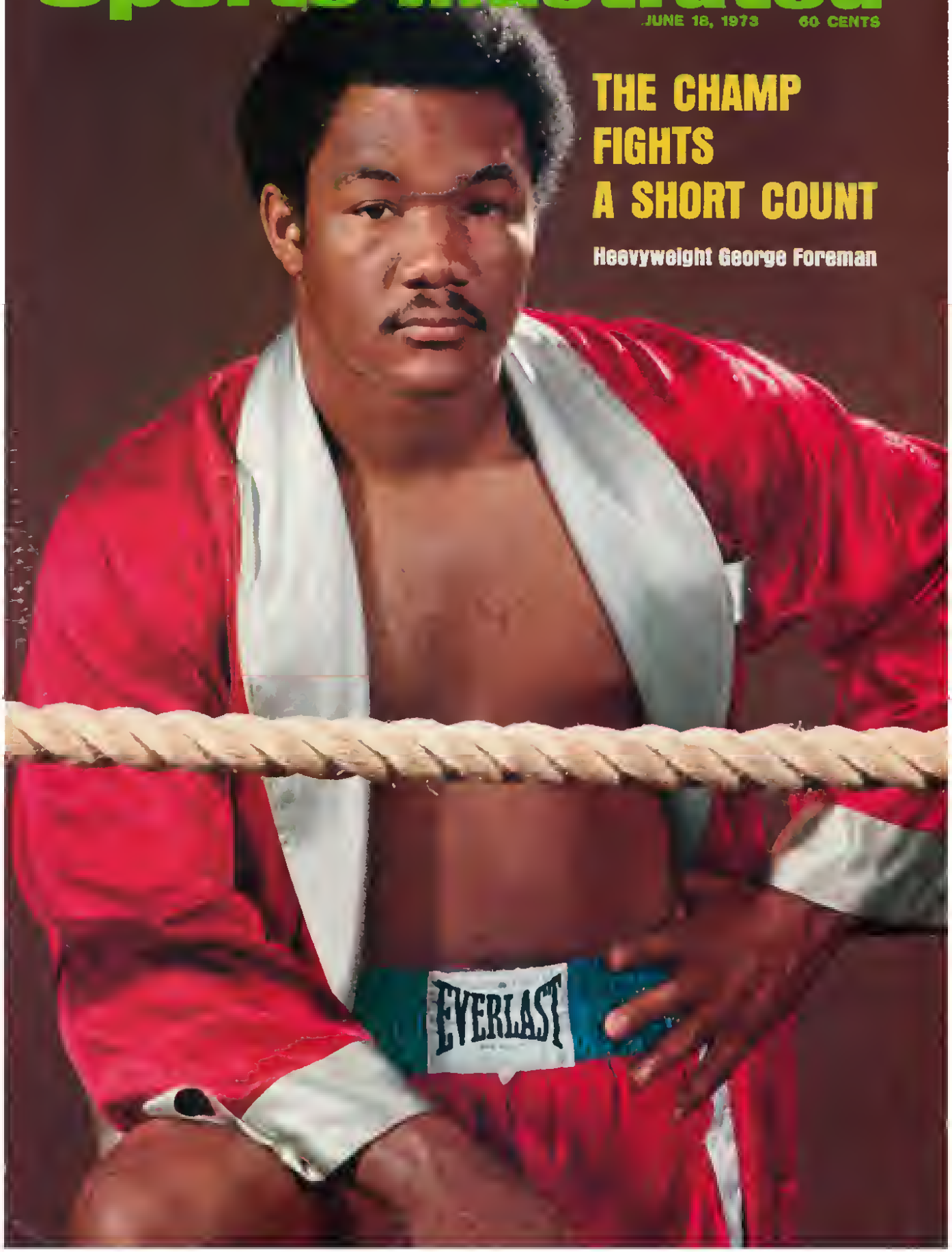
Sports Illustrated
JUNE 18, 1973 60 CENTS

THE CHAMP FIGHTS A SHORT COUNT

Heavyweight George Foreman



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Aluminum: Pass it on

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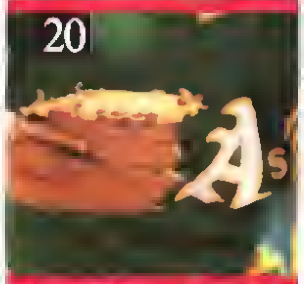
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Next week

CAN ONE MAN win the U.S. Open twice on the same course? Well, it happened in 1905, and now Dan Jenkins is at Oakmont to see if Jack Nicklaus can repeat his 1962 victory.

COCKED FOR THE HALF at the AAU championships are Olympic champion Dave Wottle and Rick Wohlhuter, the new world-record holder at 880 yards. Ron Reid reports

A SMASHUP almost ended Dan Gerber's life and then he began to assimilate the lesson. the poet is no less happy than the hero. A personal memoir by a onetime race driver

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Eighty-one-year-old Lifeguard Jim Havender (*page 36*) is happiest under water and is given to speaking respectfully to a plant called the sea rocket. "A good example of the kind of people I like," says Staff Writer Roy Blount Jr. "People with minds of their own. People who not only are strange," he continues, gathering momentum and speaking with a sort of energetic gloom, "but who also take being strange in their stride. Connie Mack was strange. *Adam* was strange. Nobody should be upset about it."

Well, some are and some aren't, but the interesting thing about Blount is that he himself does not strike one as a bit strange, even sitting there in an office which looks like nothing so much as Jonathan Winters' TV attic: books double-ranked on shelves; pictures of porpoises playing football; clippings like the one in which a tornado victim is quoted as saying, "The good Lord was good to us, fatality-wise"; a group photo with Lester Maddox, Sloppy Floyd and another public servant of the state of Georgia performing some ceremony involving a fat hoy, a pocket knife, an ax handle and a rubber chicken; three identical postcards of a woman posing behind a 44-pound cabbage, all sent him (the postcards, not the woman and the cabbage) by a friend in the fried-chicken business in Alaska; an Andy Etcheharren match cover autographed by that enduring ecdysiast, Blaze Starr; a stuffed raven; a stuffed puffin and several different kinds of hats. And that is not a sixteenth of it.

How does a man end up with an office like this? "The very first things I remember," says Blount, trying to help, "are the textures that I grew up with in Decatur, Ga. Like the feel of the little sprigs of grass between the squares of the sidewalk. And I seemed to spend a whole lot of time stepping on bees by accident—so the bottom of my foot would swell up and be convex."

When not all swollen up from stepping on bees, Roy played third base in the Little League. "I had a good throwing arm, and I could stop ground balls with my chest," he says, convictions



THE BIRD ON THE RIGHT IS A RAVEN

that later led to his becoming, as he modestly puts it, "the founder and spiritual leader of the SI softball team. Our first game was against *The Dick Cavett Show*. I wrote and challenged them because Cavett said on the air how awful his team was. They beat us. Then we played *Oh! Calcutta!* I wrote a note full of double-entendres, challenging them, and this guy called back and talked a lot about naked ladies, but the team turned out to be a bunch of stagehands and *they* beat the whey out of us."

Blount's Little League career ended in the eighth grade, in the 10th an English teacher turned him on to writing. It was she who introduced him to Flannery O'Connor. "I visited her on her farm, where she surrounded herself with peacocks and donkeys and wrote about traveling salesmen stealing women's wooden legs. She is my hero," Blount says. "It was Flannery O'Connor who said, 'Whenever I'm asked why Southern writers particularly have a penchant for writing about freaks, I say it is because we are still able to recognize one.' And feel pretty much on his side," Blount adds.

As for the future, it gives one pause to hear Roy announce, "I feel that I am *just* beginning to come into my own." God only knows, in Blount's case, what that may turn out to mean, but at least one can be sure he will write about it wonderfully well.

Jack Meyers

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

THE SKULKERS

According to the New Jersey Bureau of Wildlife Management, the average hunter spends more than $700 on travel and equipment for each deer he kills legally. Poaching deer is cheaper, and profitable. Poached venison is vastly less expensive than beef, pork or lamb bought at inflated supermarket prices, but it is going up, too.

One Pennsylvania poacher, who kills deer to fill orders and has been doing so for a quarter of a century, used to get $10 for a deer of average size. Now his price has gone up to $15. "Where else can you buy 90 pounds of meat for $15?" he asks. Since September, he estimates, he has killed 40 deer and either eaten or sold the lot.

The reason the poacher succeeds where the honest hunter fails is that the poacher is undeterred by laws regulating seasons, he hunts at night by jacklight and, in New Jersey for example, he has to contend with a mere 35 wardens policing three million acres of deer range. Poaching with powerful flashlights is so easy in some areas, conservation officers have demonstrated, that a deer can be spotted every three or four minutes. Fines, usually $100 to $300 for first offense, are too trivial a deterrent.

Confiscation of weapons might be a partial answer, but that is not yet on the lawbooks.

HIGH PRICE OF MUSCLE

It has a strange sound, coming from the executive director of the Canadian Football League Players' Association, but Gerry Patterson, who also is agent for many individual athletes, says that management in professional sport should take steps to halt the upward spiraling salaries of players.

The average player's salary in the National Hockey League, Patterson said at a Toronto sports seminar, is approaching $42,000, and in the National Football League it is $28,000, in the Canadian Football League $16,000, in the National Basketball Association $50,500, in major league baseball $32,000.

"My personal opinion is that salaries are going to have to level off and I think we're approaching that point now," said Patterson. "I do think we all have to consider what is happening to sport generally with this high level.

"Profit is not a four-letter word. We have to have clubs making money to have sports continue at a profitable level."

THE WELL-BALANCED BOOK

On the eve of the English Derby at Epsom Downs—which was reported, incidentally, to have attracted a million spectators scattered over a vast area—William Hill, a leading English bookmaker, had a most interesting ante-post book.

If one of four horses out of the 25 starting were to win, Hill's stood to lose amounts ranging from £21,951 for a Ksar victory to a mere £4,524 for a win by Sea Pigeon. Victory by any of the other 21 horses would have resulted in a handsome profit for the book.

As it turned out, Morston, a 25-to-1 outsider, broke through in the final furlong and Hill's had to pay out £6,250 to someone who had wagered £250 on him. That was the biggest single wager laid on Morston. Other individual bets, losers, went as high as £1,000, and would have paid as high as 10 to 1 on Ksar and 100 to 1 on Sea Pigeon.

With Morston the winner, Hill's came out ahead by £44,202, establishing once more that you can beat a race but not often the bookies.

NOW TO PICK A PRESIDENT

Sports fans sometimes wonder how those in authority in the fun and games field happened to be picked for their jobs. In the case of Roger Rousseau, president and commissioner-general of Montreal's 1976 Summer Olympics, there is no mystery. He was picked by a computer. Or so he says.

At the time that he was chosen, Rousseau was Canadian ambassador in Cameroon, West Africa, far from Montreal.

"When Mayor Drapeau asked the Canadian government for a man for this job," he explained, "he said he wanted someone youngish [Rousseau is 52], experienced in economics, bi- or trilingual and with a French name.

"This data was all fed into a computer in Ottawa—and I came out."

AN ASSIST FOR BAMBI

Golf's birdie of the year, up to now, has been registered by Carl G. Cassel of Palmyra, Pa. Cassel had the help of a friendly two-point buck deer.

The golfer's second shot landed 12 feet from the pin at the par-4, 390-yard 9th green at Manada Golf Club. The deer, which had been following golfers around



the course for a week, receiving handouts of salt and sugar, used his nose to nudge the ball a foot or so closer to the hole.

What Rule of Golf applied in such a situation? Cassel could find none and stroked the ball into the cup for a 3. He should have moved it back to where the deer's nose touched it.

DUCKS AND DRAKES IN MARYLAND

There is a new waterfowl feeding law in Maryland, which previously had none. It conflicts with federal regulations and it is sure to drive the duck and goose hunter out of his rig.

continued

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Federal regulations ban baiting, which is defined as the feeding of migratory birds to lure them within hunting range. The bait need not be near enough to the shooting area to make it possible to shoot the birds while they are feeding: if the bait is placed in such a manner that it even induces birds to fly near gunning sites while going to and from the baited area, the feds contend that that is a violation. The regulations make no mention of a distance between the location of the bait and the shooting site. All that must be proved is that the birds were influenced by the presence of bait.

But the new Maryland law allows the feeding of waterfowl at a distance of 400 yards or more from a shooting site. Arguments pro included the contention that waterfowl should be fed because natural food is in short supply and that the resultant kill would be negligible.

Maybe so, but Clark Bavin, who is chief of enforcement for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, while "analyzing" the Maryland law, said that "the federal law still prevails . . . and is supreme in such matters."

In fact, a Maryland hunter has been found guilty in federal court of placing bait 1,237 measured yards from a shooting site. Another case involved a distance of 800 yards.

Sherley Ewing, a waterfowl hunter who promoted support for the new state law, says that it will do much to solve a crop depredation problem caused by waterfowl. But Willie J. Parker, chief of enforcement for Maryland's FWS, checked his files and found only one complaint concerning crop damage inflicted by waterfowl during hunting seasons.

ATTENTION BOBBY RIGGS

Watching a golfing couple teeing off at Riverside Municipal Golf Course in Portland, Maine, John Flaherty, a brash 18-year-old, observed that he could do the nine holes in less than 50 strokes. Using a putter. He had two instant bets.

It was 7:10 p.m., with darkness not too far off. The course was all but afloat from a long, damp spring and the weather was a mixture of mist and rain.

Flaherty took a 7 on the 1st hole, while his opponents smirked. He did get a par on the 2nd but achieved a triple bogey 6 on the 3rd. Then he began banging his tee shots 180 yards with natural fade. He found only two traps, both of which were shallow enough for him to escape with little damage, and he played holes five through nine 6-4-4-5-6. Forty-five minutes after departure he was back in the clubhouse with a 46. And money.

Flaherty had been practicing using his putter as a driver for some time, it turned out.

ANOTHER NAME WOULD SMELL

Parents do like to give their children nice-sounding names and, after waiting eight years for a son, the parents of Alan Gallagher, California Angel third baseman, christened him with every name both of them liked. It came out Alan Mitchell Edward George Patrick Henry Gallagher.

His teammates call him Dirty Al.

THE OPPOSITE FIELD

The effects of the Little League program on immature youngsters who are unable to endure the stresses of competition and the pangs of defeat have long been deplored. Now comes a man with credentials in sport and psychiatry with suggestions as to how the problem can be alleviated.

He is Dr. Thomas Johnson, San Diego child psychiatrist and onetime Little League player, manager and umpire. Dr. Johnson thinks well of the benefits to be derived from Little League baseball, and his ideas, previously expressed to a Little League convention, have now been put in pamphlet form for distribution to League presidents.

For one thing, Dr. Johnson says, when a boy comes home in tears after committing errors and helping thereby to lose a game, the best thing to say to him may be nothing at all.

"There are parents who react with anger and that's destructive," he says. "But saying 'There's always next year,' or 'It's just a ball game' might be of little value, too, to someone who's just lost. It's like saying, when a child's dog dies, 'We'll get you another dog.' That's superficial and almost cruel. When your own dog dies there is no other dog. In the same way, a child needs to have his loss taken seriously. Minimizing of pain is not helpful."

What the parent should do, he explains, is first of all to listen and "find out what level of sadness the child feels.

"Having someone who understands is so helpful. Time will take care of the rest."

And Little League competition is use-

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TRAILER OR MOTOR HOME
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☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
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ful, he adds, because children can benefit from reasonable pressure.

"You need obstacles to overcome. The motivation for much of early learning in infancy is frustration.

"Adults can help children handle the pressure of competition in two principal ways, by example and by keeping success and failure in perspective," Johnson says.

"Our children always observe us in moments of disappointment—the way we react when we find out we owe $60 more on our income tax, when the car repair bill is higher than we thought, when our bowling team doesn't win," he notes. "The example we set is No. 1.

"No. 2 is learning to praise efforts, not results."

HOW, INDEED?

The Women's Lib movement for equality in sport is not nearly so simple as it would seem to be to convinced advocates of either side. Responding to a recent federal court ruling, the board of control of the Ohio High School Athletic Association has ruled that girls are eligible to compete with boys in seven non-contact sports—cross-country, water polo, swimming, gymnastics, golf, tennis and track and field.

All well and good, so far. It is expected that very few girls will be able to crack varsity lineups in what previously has been an all-male domain. But what if boys decide to go out for what previously have been all-girl teams? With furrowed brow, Dr. Harold Meyer, commissioner of the association, reads the federal decision to mean that not only can a girl go out for boys' teams but that boys could very well try out for girls' teams.

"We're trying to discourage this, of course," he said. "We have no fears about girls taking over boys' teams, but there certainly is concern that the boys could take over the girls' teams.

"When you have a girls' tournament in the future, how can you know all boys won't show up?"

THEY SAID IT

• Chris Dundee, fight promoter: "I'd love to be a procrastinator, but I never seem to get around to it."

• Steve Sloan, new Vanderbilt football coach: "My special trouble is that I am now head-coaching one of the teams I'd want to play." **END**

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HISTORY IN THE



PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEIFER

MAKING

Secretariat is 50 feet from the finish line and the race is won—but Jockey Ron Turcotte steals a look at the infield teletimer on his way to a pulverizing Belmont victory and the Triple Crown

by WHITNEY TOWER

CONTINUED

It was the greatest performance by a racehorse in this century. As Secretariat thundered down the homestretch at Belmont Park to the roar of nearly 70,000 fans, he took on legendary stature. His long stride carried him to the finish by an ever-increasing margin in poetic rhythm. And when the wire was reached, the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes won and the ninth Triple Crown in racing history earned, the closest competitor—if he can be so called—was 31 lengths to the rear. Sham, who had lost both the Kentucky Derby and Preakness to the wonder horse by the identical margin of 2½ lengths, this time finished a rubber-legged last in the field of five, outdistanced by 45 lengths. And, as if consciously seeking to silence the critics who had persistently argued that any son of Bold Ruler was suspect at classic distances, particularly over 12 furlongs, Secretariat shattered Gallant Man's track record by two and three-fifths seconds, the equivalent of 13 lengths. Along the way he also smashed the record for a mile and a quarter.

The 105th Belmont Stakes will rank among sport's most spectacular performances, right up there with Joe Louis' one-round knockout of Max Schmeling and the Olympic feats of Jessie Owens, Jean-Claude Killy and Mark Spitz. Even in horse racing, where track records are a fairly common occurrence, an animal just does not go around beating an established mark by nearly three seconds. It would be as if Joe Namath threw 10 touchdown passes in a game or Jack Nicklaus shot a 55 in the Open.

As is usual before major races in which the blue-and-white blocked silks of Penny Tweedy appear, Trainer Lucien Laurin was more talkative—and more confident—than his boss. Sitting in a front-row Belmont box a couple of days before the big race, Laurin gazed across the huge infield and squinted as he focused on the long backstretch. "I've never seen a horse as good as this one is right now," he said. "I think he'll win the Belmont easier than the other two. The Derby had to be the toughest because of the large field; you don't know what kind of racing luck you'll get. The Preakness figured to be easier because of the smaller field—and it was. The Belmont will be still easier because again there will be a small field and the turns on this mile-and-a-half track are sweeping, so if you are on the outside you lose little ground."

But the Tweedy gang was not going to be handed the huge Belmont cup and the Triple Crown trophy without a semblance of a struggle. Though Laurin thought—correctly—that Sham should be tired after chasing Secretariat through two grueling record-setting classic races, Frank (Pancho) Martin, the trainer of Sham, felt differently. "My colt has been working better than ever," he said, "so the Derby and Preakness couldn't have taken much out of him. I predict that the Belmont will be a match race, just Secretariat and Sham. The rest will be nowhere. And it will come down to which of these two is the best mile-and-a-half horse." Martin believed his colt had excuses in both the Derby and Preakness; Sham lost two teeth on the first occasion and scraped the rail on the second.

The three other starters in the Belmont were given little or no chance. Jockey Angel Cordero, who was to ride Arthur Appleton's Blue Grass Stakes winner My Gallant, said glumly, "I feel sorry for my colt, that he has to run against Secretariat." Twice a Prince, who delayed the start of the Derby five minutes by acting in the gate like a brat who won't go to bed—and who then was beaten 23 lengths, finishing 12th in the 13-horse field—was set to try again. Sent off at 17 to 1, he surprised almost everyone by finishing second, collecting $33,044, nearly double his previous earnings.

Then there was C. V. Whitney's Pvt. Smiles who had run past tired horses in the Jersey Derby at Garden State to move from last to within a nose of winner Knightly Dawn. Trainer George Poole was hopeful—but not very. "If a match race develops, and it could, Secretariat and Sham *might* be awfully tired at the end of a mile and a quarter. And then a late runner like Pvt. Smiles would have a chance of catching them." Owner Whitney, who won Belmonts with Phalanx and Counterpoint, declared, "Anything can happen in this race, and who knows if Secretariat can handle that last quarter of a mile?"

Pancho Martin, who schemed without success all through the spring, hoping to rattle the often volatile Laurin, tried something new before the Belmont. He entered Sham's speedy stablemate Knightly Dawn in the race and announced that Milo Valenzuela, a California-based jockey who certainly never learned his riding under Pony Club rules, would come East to ride the colt. If Sham could not handle Secretariat on his own, some people suggested, maybe Valenzuela would see to it that Knightly Dawn, in one way or another, would. In the end Knightly Dawn was scratched.



After a mile Sham bites the dust and from then on only the clock challenged the champ.

Race day was beautiful but a hot 90°. Youthful crowds gathered below and above the Tweedy box and yelled to Penny, "Tweedy Baby! Way to go!" Time and time again she stood and waved at her colt's admirers. Secretariat had already scored one triple during race week, appearing on the covers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME and NEWSWEEK (and prompting the latter's editor, Osborn Elliott, to crack, "We're going from Watergate to Starting Gate"), and by post time there were few people at Belmont or anywhere else who did not know what Penny Tweedy looked like. She looked



lovely, and she qualifies as a charming expert in public relations.

Secretariat walked majestically onto the track, settled and nonchalant about the roar that greeted him. The colt was first into the gate, having drawn the inside post position. Twice a Prince was led in blindfolded and behaved like a lamb. Within seconds the field was sent evenly on its way. Sham, with Laffit Pincay up, showed briefly in front midway around the first turn, but Secretariat moved alongside. On the backstretch Secretariat surged ahead. The teletimer was blinking out the fractions of the race—the colt had gone the first quarter in :23⅗ and the first half-mile in a brisk :46⅕—and Penny Tweedy reacted nervously. "Oh, oh! I'm scared."

Secretariat began drawing away, first by 2½ lengths, then seven lengths. He covered the six furlongs in 1:09⅘ and the mile in 1:34⅖. The time, by racing standards, was supersonic—and Secretariat still had not exerted himself. Turning for home after a mile and a quarter in 1.59, his margin increased to 20 lengths over Twice a Prince. Sham rapidly fell back. Ron Turcotte caught a quick glimpse of the fractions flashing on the infield board as he charged by the eighth pole 28 lengths in front and he knew he could break the track record. "Then I set my horse down for the only time in the race," he said later. "We both must have wanted the record—and we got it." The final time was 2:24, the fastest mile and a half ever run on a dirt track anywhere in the world (the record on grass is 2:23 set by Fiddle Isle in 1970 at Santa Anita over a course that is partly downhill).

The chestnut strong boy, who now has won 12 of 15 lifetime starts and $895,242 (good enough to move into 17th place on the alltime earnings list), is the first colt since Citation in 1948 to win a Triple Crown, and in the years to come it will be fashionable to say it was a privilege to run against him. Even though he was beaten those 31 painful lengths, Twice a Prince will go into the record book as having finished second in Secretariat's Belmont. My Gallant was third, 13 lengths ahead of Pvt. Smiles. And last and least this day was Sham, the race's second choice at 5 to 1.

Now that racing has a hero the likes of which the sport has not had since Kelso retired, the only regret is that Secretariat will not be around the track very long. Boss Tweedy and her partners in the colt's $6,080,000 syndicate signed an agreement months ago to retire their big horse no later than November 15 (he is expected to race next in the Travers at Saratoga on August 18 and then in the Woodward at Belmont on September 29). "If there was no syndicate," says Mrs. Tweedy, "I'd run Secretariat as a 4-year-old to test his greatness. But there isn't much chance that the syndicate members would consider voting to change the terms of the contract because of the large number of market breeders among them. These men want to put Secretariat to stud as soon as possible—and understandably so. From their standpoint he really has little else to prove, so why not get on with it?"

Ogden Phipps, who paid $190,000 for one share in the colt, the world's most expensive horse, unsurprisingly suggests it might be prudent to retire Secretariat right now, "while he's on top." This also makes good sense to his partners (who, had the deal not been made at $190,000 a share before the colt's sensational season began, might now have been asked to pay $300,000 a crack, which would have raised Secretariat's value to close to $10 million). That, however, would be taking one of America's greatest sporting attractions off center stage once and for all. This is one hero who should not be awarded instant retirement.

CONTINUED

Victory assured, cares are thrown to the wind in Owner Penny Tweedy's balcony box.



OUT OF THE WOODS AND INTO THE LIMELIGHT

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

To Ronald Turcotte, first jockey to win the Triple Crown since Eddie Arcaro did it in 1948, the Belmont was a nice little ride in an easy chair. Turcotte loves to get aboard stakes horses. "Ninety percent of them are easier to ride than the cheaper horses," he says. "They're as determined to win as you are." He loves to ride Secretariat. ("That horse is all business.") And he especially loves to ride a horse like Secretariat in a weight-for-age stake like the Belmont, where all the horses carry 126 pounds.

The mysterious workings of genetics have made Turcotte just naturally small, though one of the brothers in his family of a dozen children stands 5′ 10″ and weighs over 200 pounds. Ron can ride at 112 pounds without too much trouble. But to make 112 he has to ride on one of those postage-stamp saddles with a minimum of leather to protect a rider's rump. In the Belmont he used his favorite saddle, a big, heavy, cushioned contraption that weighs a full dozen pounds.

"Sitting on a regular saddle is like sitting on two rods," he says. "But the big saddle is like a sofa. It sits solid. It's very comfortable." (Since he spoke French before he learned English, he pronounces the word com-FORT-able.)

Big saddle or small, Turcotte is a man to reckon with when he gets on a horse. He never was in a saddle until he was 18 and he is not the most stylish of riders, but he gets the job done. "I may look terrible on a horse but I feel good and I think I'm with the horse," he says. "I don't try to adjust the horse to me, I adjust me to the horse."

It took an accident of nature, in the form of a long, cold winter, to make Turcotte a jockey in the first place. This was in 1959-60, when he was apparently destined to spend the rest of his life as a lumber cutter, like his father, around Grand Falls in New Brunswick, Canada.

At the time Turcotte was a good man with a chain saw and an ax. On his 5-foot frame there bulged 128 pounds of muscle; his legs, especially, were so thick they almost looked like tree trunks. He was also a good man at handling the horses that pulled the trees out of the forest and into the camps. But these were workhorses, not thoroughbreds. The nearest racing was in Montreal, more than 300 miles away, and he had never seen a horse run.

That hard winter did two things. First, it brought Turcotte's older brother Camille back home from Toronto where, when the weather was favorable, he was a roofing contractor. Second, it closed down the New Brunswick lumber camps for months. When the heavy snow still kept the camps closed into spring, Camille went back to Toronto—and Ronnie Turcotte went with him to try his hand at the roofing business.

A horse named Bess figured in his decision. Bess was the horse he had been working with. "I loved her," he recalls, "she was almost human." But during that long winter of unemployment for the whole Turcotte family his father sold Bess. Turcotte, brought up under strict French-Canadian discipline, was not exactly angry at his father because he knew the family needed the money. "But it hurt my feelings," he says. "The thought of having to work with a different horse was something I didn't like at all."

So the combination of deep snow and the sale of Bess sent Turcotte to Toronto, exhilarated by the idea of trying a new business. Alas, Toronto turned out to be in the midst of a long carpenters' strike. No carpenters, no roofs to install. Turcotte holed up in a boardinghouse and tried to figure out his next step. To an 18-year-old with only an eighth-grade education, the future did not look too bright.

On a Saturday afternoon in May, Turcotte walked downstairs from his room to pay his rent. On the TV set Venetian Way was in the process of winning the Kentucky Derby. "Maybe that is the life for you," his landlord said. "Why don't you try to get a job at the track?"

Turcotte tried the Greenwood track but never got past the guard at the stable gate. So he hitched a ride to Woodbine with a trainer whose name he never learned, and there he got lucky. Pete McCann, trainer for Windfields Farm, took him on as a hot-walker—$35 a week and the dubious privilege of sleeping on a cot in a tack room.

In racing's hierarchy of occupations, the hot-walker is at the bottom. He waits for the exercise boy to gallop or breeze the horse, then for the groom to wash the horse down. At that point he takes hold of the shank and leads the horse around and around for a monotonous half hour or so until the animal is thoroughly cooled out and ready to return to its stall. It is a job that takes no skill. Not even any strength, because most horses shuffle along docilely after working on the track. The job is performed satisfactorily by small girls and old men.

By fall Turcotte had graduated to groom and his small but muscular frame suggested even better things to Trainer McCann. "I'm going to send you to the farm to break some yearlings," McCann told him. "They can teach you while you're teaching them."

At the farm Turcotte quickly learned something that most casual racing spectators never realize. Riding a horse looks like an easy job; it seems that the horse does all the work and the exercise boy or jockey just goes along for the ride. In truth, controlling a half-ton animal that might want to run faster than you want him to in a workout or slower than you want him to in a race takes enormous strength, concentration and effort. Many a jockey, after pushing and shoving and scrubbing on a horse that does not want to extend itself, finishes the race more exhausted than his mount.

Turcotte's first trip in a saddle was aboard an older horse who was back in training after a rest. He went around the farm track in company with an ex-jockey named George Thompson, then the head exercise boy at Windfields. Thompson was a stern taskmaster, and he immediately put the rookie to the test, making

Turcotte stay abreast of him while he alternately held his own mount back and let it out a bit. Before they had gone halfway, Turcotte knew that all those bulging leg muscles from cutting wood were different from the muscles you need on a horse. By the time they pulled up and started walking the horses back to the barn he was almost crying. "George told me, 'When you get off that one you've got another one to ride,' " he recalls. "I didn't think I'd ever make it on another one. As it turned out, the second one was a little easier, but that night I couldn't get up the stairs to my room. I slept downstairs on a couch." Next day, with muscles still stiff and aching, he was assigned to break three yearlings. Breaking a young horse to saddle is not quite the wild, bronco-busting process that the word suggests. Thoroughbreds today are used to being handled by people from birth, a young horse does not usually object violently to having a man on its back. Nonetheless, the horse may try to dump its rider or run away with him. Breaking a yearling is not for the timid.

Turcotte was lucky with his first three. "They were very nice to me," he says. "I guess they figured, 'We don't know anything and you don't seem to know anything, either, so why fight about it?' "

It turned out most horses did not fight Turcotte. He had a way with them, no doubt about it. By the next summer he was riding in races. Soon he was Canada's leading jockey, and since 1964 he has always been one of the top 10 or 15 money-winning riders in the U.S.

Turcotte gives a lot of the credit to George Thompson. "There was no horse that ever scared George; he was a determined fellow, and I guess some of the determination rubbed off on me." He also learned a lot from two jockeys who were his friendly rivals in the early days. From Pat Remillard, who was rich and famous but still brought his lunch to the track in a paper bag, he learned not to let success turn him into a spendthrift egotist. And Chris Rogers persuaded him to eat with his left hand for months at a time so that he could become as adept at whipping a horse left-handed as right-handed. Rogers also wanted him to try to learn to write left-handed, but this was a trick Turcotte could never master.



Never a stylish jockey but no lump on a log either, Turcotte is New York's leading rider.

Though his mounts have won scores of stakes and earned millions of dollars, Turcotte never has captured the public imagination in the style of an Earl Sande, an Eddie Arcaro or a Willie Shoemaker. He is indeed one of the sports world's least-known successes. "Ronnie isn't the kind of fellow who makes headlines," one of his associates has said. "He's just a level-headed, down-to-earth, hard-working country boy without charisma."

Like some quietly ambitious businessman, the 32-year-old Turcotte puts in long hours at the office, except that his office happens to be the barns and the jockeys' room at the racetrack. He leaves his modest Long Island home at six a.m., driving a little red Datsun or a Mercury station wagon, and gets back at six p.m. In the evening he eats a dinner cooked by his wife Gaetane, a former schoolmate in New Brunswick, plays with his three young daughters, watches television or tries a few hands of cribbage and goes to bed at nine or 10. He keeps his business and family life completely separate. After he gave Secretariat the final workout for the Belmont, before a hundred racing writers and TV people from all over the nation and Canada, he found time to go home for lunch—but he did not tell his wife how fast the horse went and she did not ask. Just another morning at the office.

Unlike many jockeys, Turcotte does not spend his money on a fancy wardrobe. He stays away from nightclubs and mows his own lawn. His only extravagances are buying fishing rods and fancy guns and keeping up a big camper, sleeping six, in which he and his family escape into the countryside on Sundays. The rest of his money goes into investments. He probably would follow his old mentor Remillard's example and take his lunch to the track, except that the New York tracks provide a free food counter in the jockeys' room. **END**

GIVE 'EM A FOR ANGER

The Oakland A's are not playing like champions, but at least, and at last, they are grousing in pennant form

by RON FIMRITE



Attired in the latest Finley finery, Ken Holtzman fires a two-hitter against Detroit. But miscues abound as Gene Tenace, subbing at catcher, is felled by Sal Bando chasing foul pop.



There were encouraging signs last week that the Oakland A's, who simply have not been their World Champion selves, were finally emerging from the doldrums of .500 baseball. They were starting to gripe again, and this is a team that is not truly happy unless it is unhappy—about its eccentric owner, Charlie Finley, maybe, or its stern manager, Dick Williams, or the multitudes in Oakland who do not come out to see them play. The A's griped all the way to the pennant and the World Series last year and, when it was over, they griped all the way to the bank.

But the new season started on a depressingly happy note, for the A's were the defending champions and their enemies would have to catch them. This they quickly did, and instead of grousing about that appalling development, the A's assumed the aspect of chastened puppies.

Last week, however, things were back to normal. Joe Rudi, the team's premier hitter of a year ago, was griping because Williams had benched him for not hitting. Rudi's .217 average merely depressed him at first, then he was hurt by not being allowed to play and finally, happily, he was really angry.

"I know what I can do," the ordinarily placid outfielder snapped, "but I can't prove anything sitting on the bench."

At first slugger Reggie Jackson grieved

for his pal Joe. "I hate to see him suffer like this." Then, suddenly, Rudi was back in the lineup banging out a couple of therapeutic hits and Jackson himself was on the bench, "resting" by Williams' fiat. The sympathy he lavished so generously on his friend turned now to self-pity. He, too, was griping.

"Why should I need a rest?" he asked plaintively. "I just had a birthday, but I'm 27, not 37. I'm not tired. What's he thinking of? What did I do wrong? I'm hitting .285 and driving in runs."

On the very night he was supposedly resting, Jackson was sent in to pinch-hit for his replacement in right field, the volatile Angel Mangual. That was enough to arouse Mangual's strangely dormant ire, which he expressed on his way back to the dugout by tossing his batting helmet high in the air.

Now it was Williams' turn to be angry. He fined Mangual $200—the highest he had ever levied against an A—and denounced the gripers with the reminder that "I can't be concerned whether a guy is unhappy or not. I just want them to go out and play."

The next night the A's, muttering to themselves and exchanging dark looks with their manager, trounced the Brewers 11–1. Rudi had two more hits and Jackson drove in five runs.

This restoration of ill-humor is a salubrious development, but it will require much more than griping, valuable as it may be to team morale, to right the capsized champions.

The A's do not even look the same this year. Far too many of them have shaved off their beards and mustaches so that en masse they now tend to resemble a 1950 college glee club more than an acid rock group, even in their new all-green uniforms.

More noticeable, however, is their bizarre play afield. Williams is a strict baseball fundamentalist, a puritan who sees beauty in the simple things, like a ground ball hit behind the runner. Lord knows what agonies this man of faith must now be enduring, for the A's are playing the game not so much by his book as by one written by Max Shulman. In a single game last week against Milwaukee, which the A's lost 2–0, they committed enough sins of omission and commission to suffice the Texas Rangers for an entire season.

In the first inning Bert Campaneris was caught off third base after changing his mind about running home on a double steal. In the fifth Jackson and new Centerfielder Bill North nearly collided in right field chasing a fly ball. Actually, North was the only one chasing the ball since it was hit directly at Jackson, who somehow caught it. After lecturing North on territorial rights, Jackson started to jog to the dugout with the ball, unaware, quite obviously, that the catch was only the second out. In the A's half of the same inning Deron Johnson, the designated hitter, was ignominiously tagged out at home after Ray Fosse missed the ball on a suicide squeeze bunt play. And finally, in the eighth inning, Campaneris inexplicably cut off a throw from North that seemed certain to catch a runner at home. Campaneris was guilty of more than just bad judgment, for he should not have been in position to cut off the ball at all, that being First Baseman Gene Tenace's responsibility.

In that same dreadful three-game series Campaneris was to be picked off first base, North was to be caught stealing for the seventh time this young season and Jackson was to misjudge three fly balls in right field. World champions do not play baseball this way.

"It's been like this all year," said team captain and Third Baseman Sal Bando, reflecting on the boo-boos. "We just haven't been executing. You can win a third of your games and you can lose a third of your games. Then there is another third that you can either win or lose by doing the right things, the fundamental things. We won that third last year. We have to win them again this year."

Since they have not been winning those games so far, is it just possible the A's are succumbing to the subtle pressures applied to all defending champions?

"I don't think we feel the pressure of being on top enough," said Jackson. "People are coming out headhunting and we just have to realize this."

Other reasons have been suggested for the A's mediocre showing, notable among them the trading away of hitters Mike Epstein, Dave Duncan and Matty Alou. The A's concede they miss Alou's late-season clutch hitting and the 45 home runs Epstein and Duncan contributed to the pennant, but they would argue that the slack has been picked up by Tenace, who has hit 11 home runs while playing regularly at first base, by Bando, who has also hit 11 homers in a comeback year, by newcomer North, who is hitting in the .280 range, and by Fosse, who has long been recognized as one of the league's better defensive catchers.

Where the A's seem to be weakest now is where they have been traditionally strongest, on the mound. Ken Holtzman and Catfish Hunter are enjoying outstanding seasons—indeed, by throwing a two-hit shutout at the Tigers on Saturday, Holtzman won his 11th game and lowered his league-leading ERA to 1.50. But Vida Blue still is far from regaining his 1971 Cy Young Award form and John (Blue Moon) Odom, who won 15 and lost six a year ago, is one and eight this season. Odom was dropped from the starting rotation two weeks ago, leading, thank goodness, to more griping. He came back in relief of Blue last Friday to pitch 4⅔ scoreless innings.

Blue, who went through last season in a funk after his salary hassle with Finley, has opted for whimsy this year.

"I am not greedy," he said last week. "I don't want to win 30." So far, he has won four.

Odom, who is mystified by his repeated failures, fell back on a paraphrase of Wee Willie Keeler to explain his troubles: "Last year they were hitting 'em where we were. This year they're hitting 'em where we ain't."

There is also speculation that the designated hitter is depriving the A's crack bullpen crew of enough regular employment. And the DH may have affected the A's in yet another way, according to the analytical Bando. "We could exhaust the other team's pitching staff last year. We could make them play catch-up, force them to pinch-hit for their best pitchers and then use second-liners while we kept coming at them all the way with quality. Now, with the designated hitter, a team like Detroit, say, can keep a pitcher like Lolich in right up to the end. This has hurt us."

It is true, of course, that when a team is losing there is much that can hurt it. But for those who know the A's best, it is heartening that now at least they are no longer taking their punishment lying down. Instead, they are out there griping for all they are worth, which is considerable. And at griping they are still, indisputably, the champions of the world. **END**

ONE LITTLE MOVE, A GIANT STEP

The opponent is only Joe Roman, who is hardly the noblest of them all, but after a long wait the champion of the earth's heavyweights—remember George Foreman?—is fighting and the division is abuzz

by PAT PUTNAM



Big Ken Norton surprisingly bopped Ali (left), but Joe Frazier (below) shot at and mostly missed George Foreman. All four are back and fighting.



I'm not the best fighter in the world. I'm just the fighter with the title—GEORGE FOREMAN

The recent news release from Tokyo of a heavyweight championship fight there in September electrified no one. Better they should have announced that the price of rice had dropped a yen. In San Francisco, George Foreman (*see cover*), the gentleman heavyweight champion in absentia, scheduled a press conference, then decided it would be a whole lot easier fighting Joe Roman than trying to explain him, and remained a recluse. Somewhere, a kid named Roby Harris must have laughed. In his first 10 professional fights Roby Harris had been knocked out by Pat Duncan and Ken Norton and Jose Garcia and Jack O'Halloran and Roy Williams, and in a change of pace had lost a decision to Ray White. Between disasters, on Oct. 29, 1971, the same Roby Harris scored a 10-round decision over Joe Roman.

Last Friday morning, Dick Sadler, the champion's manager, who resembles a small mound of cannonballs—slightly rusted and dented—slumped in his hotel room in New York City and looked sincere. Why, puzzled the little round man, would anyone suggest that Roman was substandard, substandard meaning, of course, that there was no pulse.

A man across the room laughed. "No one even mentioned the word *challenger*, substandard or not. Joe Roman may be the nicest person, but he is also a stiff."

The cannonballs exploded. Springing from his chair, his eyes widened and burning, Sadler said, "Damn it, stiffs can punch. If it wasn't Roman it would have been Jose Urtain or Joe Bugner or Larry Middleman, er, Middleton. I don't say that they are all that brilliant. Look up them records. They knocked out a lot of people. And there had to be a few people in there who could take a punch. And there had to be somebody who could punch. You take any 200-pound guy and let him hit you on the jaw and you're gonna get hurt, and I don't care if he is a stiff." A man given to comical theatrics, Sadler smacked himself with his right fist, lightly, and, eyes rolling wildly, fell like a stone into his chair, which screeched in protest at the impact. Laurence Olivier he isn't.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

Now that Foreman has said he will make his first title defense, no matter against whom, the heavyweight division—and, by the nature of the beast, all of boxing—is once again beginning to move. When the heavyweight champion is idle, as Foreman has been since he took the title from Joe Frazier five months ago in Kingston, Jamaica, fight fans slumber. So do promoters. They cannot easily make fights for the other contenders when it is not known where or when or against whom the champion will take his next stand. So everybody tends to sit around making small talk— and generally small change.

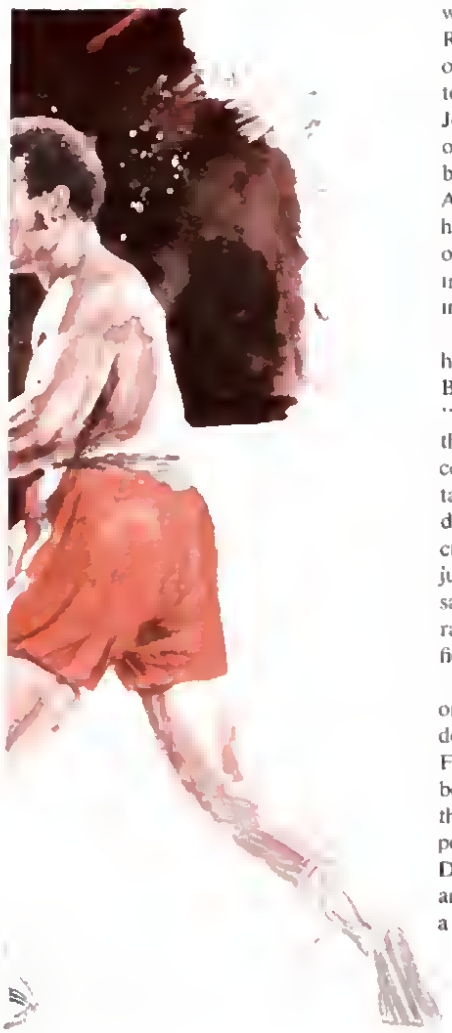
"That's why Ali was beautiful for boxing," says Miami Beach Promoter Chris Dundee. "He fought everybody and he fought often, and people thought about boxing and were excited. It doesn't matter who the heavyweight champion fights or where, just so he fights."

Since that night in March 1971 when Frazier lifted the title from Muhammad Ali, there has been a minimum of heavyweight action. Only Ali has kept reasonably busy, taking on some of the people Frazier as champion should have met. But now, at last, there is a fresh stirring. Breathing fire—and hungry once more—Frazier is off to London for a July 2 battle with Bugner, the European heavyweight champion who surprised Ali Feb. 14 in Nevada with his strong punching. It is a critical fight for Frazier. His jaw well and his oratory unspoiled by the fracture, Ali has signed for a Sept. 10 rematch with the man who broke him up, Ken Norton. And at New York's Madison Square Garden next Monday night Jimmy Ellis picks up $25,000 by setting his little traps for Earnie Shavers. Soon there surely will be someone for Jerry Quarry, who would have fought Shavers except for a mysterious case of the flu.

There are other contenders, but they are a tainted lot. Ernie Terrell, out of another retirement and putting fans to sleep with that brilliant jab and nothing else; Ron Lyle, promising until he was belted out by Quarry, and, behind him, Middleton, whom he whipped. And the others: Jose Garcia, whose distinction is that he once defeated Norton, but of late he has been knocked out twice, once by Terrell. And, yes, Floyd Patterson, who despite his age continues to entertain thoughts of fighting. Oscar Bonavena is still listed in the rankings, but he currently is fighting relatives more often than contenders.

"I see that the World Boxing Council has rated Roman No. 10," says Teddy Brenner, the Garden matchmaker. "That's terrible. They can rate anybody they want, sanction a fight in a foreign country and then take a trip, with the tab picked up. Just a paid vacation. What do you expect from a bunch of politicians. The World Boxing Association is just as bad. Now when I put on a fight, I say the guy is rated No. 3, or No. 5. Who rates them? Me. Hell, I'm more qualified than a bunch of politicians."

"I don't care if Foreman is fighting a one-armed Sumo wrestler," says Dundee. "Watch the interest in boxing boom. Foreman shook everything up when he beat Frazier. Guys are running all over the place looking for hot young prospects. And they are turning up. Look at Duane Bobick. He's a big handsome kid and he comes out of the Olympics with a name. He's had four fights and four knockouts. So what if nobody heard of the guys he beat? Who's he supposed to learn against, King Kong?"





Ex-Olympian Duane Bobick, with four KOs in four tries and promoters forever after him, could add big excitement to the heavies.

If so much depends upon Foreman, what has he been doing all this time? Well, pouting mostly, threatening to quit and warily avoiding fast-talking promoters. For good reasons, Foreman has grown to distrust many of the people around him. He has been sliced up like the only salami at a banquet, and most of his energies recently have been devoted to getting back some of the pieces. Since late in 1971, after Sadler had talked the champion into a deal of which Foreman now says he wanted no part, the champion's world has spun in a weird orbit of thorny legal tangles and financial frustrations. It was then that Sadler, apparently tired of fighting an endless series of nobodies in an endless succession of tank towns, threw away the timetable the two had been following toward a title shot and reached for the first available quick buck. Marty Erlichman, Barbra Streisand's manager, was there to hand it out. What Erlichman asked for in return—and got—was an awful lot.

"The deal was made before I knew it was in existence," Foreman says. "I never wanted to sign that contract. But Dick believed in it so much that even before he told me about it he had an agree-

continued

ment and took some money. I told him I didn't want to sign, but he said he had accepted the man's money. He was so determined, that I signed. I think that Marty Erlichman just promoted Dick Sadler."

The deal was a risk for both sides. Erlichman gambled in the neighborhood of $500,000 that the young Olympic champion with 31 straight professional victories over a bunch of warm bodies would someday be the champion. Upon Sadler's insistence, Foreman signed away one-half of all ancillary rights (or, except for live gate purses, every penny he would earn, including closed-circuit television) for the next 10 years. Only if he remained a mediocre fighter could he win with an arrangement like that.

For his part, Erlichman agreed essentially to pay Foreman $100,000 then, $100,000 more by 1972, $25,000 each year for 10 years and various sundries. Most of the items and Erlichman's expenses were to be taken off the top, meaning in essence that Foreman would be paying himself out of his own earnings, and then giving Erlichman half of what remained from the ancillaries.

Had Muhammad Ali agreed to the same financial arrangement before he won the championship from Sonny Liston, the deal to date would have cost him $8 million. "We figure Ali's total purses so far are in the area of $20 million," says Robert Arum, Ali's New York attorney. "And I estimate that 80% realistically can be attributed to the ancillary rights. You pick your advisers and you take your chances. That's the problem. They are making crazy and secret deals. The result is that with that kind of percentage signed away, and who knows how much more, they can't show what they are doing. They have to go under the table."

"I have my limitations. I'm no financial genius," Sadler says hotly. "But I still say that at the time we signed that paper it was the greatest thing in the world. We didn't give up nothing because we weren't nothing. It's easy now to sit back and say, shoot, that was awful. But a man has to make a decision when he is faced with it, not years later. Damn, who was gambling? Erlichman was. He was shooting the dice, rolling the craps. Look at the next fight after we signed, the one with Luis Pires. George looked awful and Erlichman looked sick."

Sadler rocked with laughter. "We had that man tied up. George was a diamond in the rough, a maybe. Erlichman was gonna give us a lot of money, and he was gonna give us a lot of other professional public relations people paid for by him. We needed publicity. What made Howard Cosell and Muhammad Ali? Shoot, they wasn't nothing until they got together on *Wide World of Sports*."

One morning last year Foreman awoke to discover that he was going to fight Joe Frazier for the title. He found out by reading it in a newspaper. "Oh, wow," he said, not altogether happily. Sadler was summoned. "Forget it," Foreman told his manager. "First you talk me into that stupid deal, and now you have me fighting Frazier and I won't even have time for a couple of tune-ups. You'll never make another decision for me. I'm not going to fight for the championship and have someone else get everything I've worked for, everything I've earned. We've got to get rid of all those other people around me."

At Foreman's insistence a suit was filed and interminable negotiations began. What complicated matters—and has kept them complicated ever since—was that Erlichman assigned his agreement to a Philadelphia group headed by David L. Miller, an attorney. Foreman stood the legal wrangling just as long as he could, then one morning he told everyone to forget the Frazier fight, forget boxing. He was having no part of either ever again.

"I had really had it," Foreman says. "I figured I'd better get out. I had an obligation to all the fighters who would follow me into the sport. I didn't want to be just another bad case."

What brought Foreman around was a call to Colonel Barney Oldfield, who had been an unpaid adviser of Foreman's for five years. Colonel Oldfield is an official of Litton Industries, which directed the Job Corps Center where Foreman first boxed.

"I told him he couldn't quit," says Colonel Oldfield. "People would say he was scared. What he had to do was knock Frazier on his butt. Then as champion he would have some verbal clout."

Foreman relented and agreed to fight and the Philadelphians settled for 25% of all rights. Foreman says, "I said to myself, 'O.K., but wait until after the fight.' "

After the fight is what all the recent delay has been about but not all the difficulties were created by Foreman. Among other things there was, in effect, a rematch agreement—even though legally it cannot be called that. To get the title fight Sadler apparently agreed that Foreman would make his first title defense, should he win, under the promotional umbrella of Mrs. Earl Gilliam of Houston. The promoter would pick the opponent, who would be Frazier.

When Sadler got around to explaining this to Foreman, the new champion exploded. "You made the deal, you fight him," he said.

Yank Durham, Frazier's manager, confesses to being bewildered by Foreman's reaction. "George should have taken the rematch," he says. "I don't mean because of any lawsuit. Time is on our side. As long as it isn't too much time. He should have come back against Joe while that bad beating was fresh in Joe's mind. But I think George will come to us. He's got to. Joe's the only one that he can make a big pay day with. Well, him and Ali."

Meanwhile, Frazier will not sit around waiting for Foreman to come to him. First, there is Bugner. And then in December there could be Ali, if that ex-champion finally gets past Norton. "I've already talked to Ali's manager, Herbert Muhammad," says Yank Durham. "We haven't signed anything, but we are in agreement. We're both trying to figure out what Sadler is doing. He called me up twice and all I get is off-the-wall talk. I said, 'Are we fighting, Dick?' And he said, 'Hold on, Yank, let's do something else first.' What he wanted was a doubleheader: Foreman and Frazier on the same card against different opponents. He's got to be crazy or just conning me. I'm not giving Joe away at a discount sale, not at a 2-for-1 price."

A fighter knocked out is given an automatic 30-day suspension. On his 29th day Frazier stepped into the gym and went to work. He no longer speaks of the hardships of his profession or his ambivalence about fighting. He has not spoken of retirement since Jan. 22, the day Foreman knocked him out in the second round. The championship is gone, and suddenly he realizes what it meant to him. Frazier works long and hard with grim purpose. "I've got nothing bad to say about George," he says quietly. "He's a good man, but when I get him in the ring again I'll have a lot better things to say about good old George."

continued


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He smiled. His eyes were cold and hard.

In California, Norton already is at work for his rematch with Ali. He had an offer to fight Foreman but his backers spurned it. A strange contract, reportedly, came in the mail: Norton would be given a $250,000 guarantee to fight Foreman at an unspecified site for an unspecified promoter. Win or lose, Norton would give up 5% of all future purses and a major portion of all future ancillary rights. It is an old boxing ploy—as is Sadler's denial of any such contract.

"I don't want to talk about that contract," says Art Rivkin, a vice-president and general manager of the Coca-Cola bottling company in San Diego, and one of Norton's managers. "I'll just say it was an unfivable offer, one we would never acquiesce to. There is no way we are going to tie up into an unknown situation. There was no definition as to where the so-called fight would be held, or who the promoter would be. We simply want to know who we are climbing in bed with. We staunchly guard our independence. We have no connections, and because of that Ken literally had to claw his way up. The bout before the one with Ali, Ken made $300 fighting before 400 people. It was a grind but we don't have the obligations other fight managers get into."

Rivkin smiled. He knew he had only to look to Foreman's camp and at what had happened *to* Foreman to *illustrate* his point.

The contract between Sadler and Foreman ran out recently. There will not be another, at least nothing in writing. "I'll never sign another contract with anyone," Foreman says, not meaning, of course, that he will not sign a contract for another fight. "If a man can do something for me, then he can shake my hand and take my word. Dick will always be in my corner. But our agreement will be verbal."

And, ah, how does he feel making his first title defense against a stiff? Foreman sighs. He is a nice and understandably naive youngster. "There are no stiffs," he says. "Not when you get up around 200 pounds. I've been called a stiff and I felt I had the best right hand in boxing." He chuckles. "Of course, I didn't always hit what I aimed at."

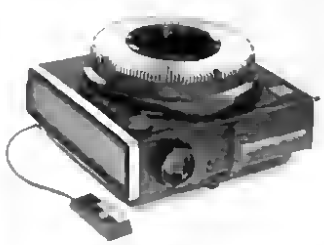
He should hit Joe Roman without difficulty, however, and now that things seem to be moving again among the heavyweights, maybe even some more formidable types. **END**



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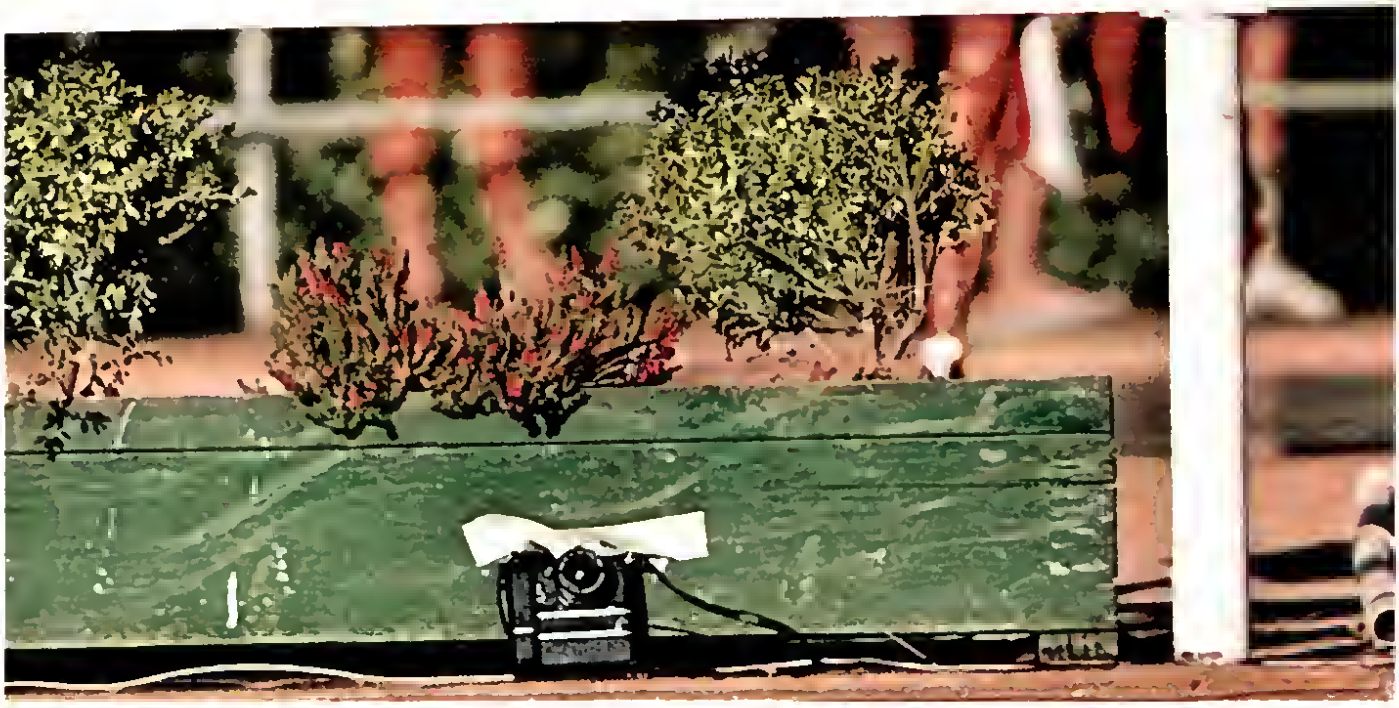
Why are Mike Manley and Steve Savage so grim? Here they are in the 1972 U.S. Olympic Trials, about to make the team in the 3,000-meter steeplechase—surely an occasion for elation. No way. One approaches the starting line for the event with the same foreboding one has when closing in on the dentist. For example, beneath Manley's and Savage's feet lies a little pool of stagnant water. Big deal, you say? If you turn the page you'll see what can happen if you fail to clear it.

They tread with fear

To find out what that remote-controlled camera is shooting, turn to page 34

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER


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Doug Brown of Tennessee belly flops during



last year's NCAA championships. He arose from the depths to finish a wet but worthy third.


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Jumping, but hardly for joy

The 1972 U S Olympic Trials Steve Savage of the Oregon Track Club has led much of the 3,000-meter steeplechase Now he crosses the finish line third He goes to his knees, sightless and retching, but he understands he has made the team for Munich He cries out: "Oh, God It's not worth it " After an hour's recovery he amends his earlier position: "I don't know if it's worth it or not " The following day: "I guess it's worth it now I've forgotten how I felt "

Savage's ambivalence toward his event must be shared to some degree by all steeplechasers. Even Kip Keino, the Olympic champion who seldom admits to a mortal's discomfort, says, "I do not enjoy running steeplechase " A lot is asked of these men. They must cross 28 three-foot hurdles, which differ from the ordinary tippy kind in that they are 13 feet wide, weigh between 180 and 220 pounds and are supported by a four-foot base that prevents them from moving if struck "Sensible people approach these things with trepidation, if at all," says the 1972 Olympic coach, Bill Bowerman

Water jumps, seven to a race, are 12 feet square and two and a half feet deep at the base of the hurdle. They slope to ground level at the far end and are lined with a soft mat Thus, at any rate, proclaims the rule book In practice, jumps vary according to the callousness of meet officials In the 1966 NCAA championships at Indiana, the approach to the water jump was a tarpaulin laid over a marsh. Six men fell the first time through. Of the 30 contestants who started, seven were outpatients by evening

Even with jumps that conform to the rules, casualties are high Bill Koss of Washington broke his foot in the water jump at last year's Olympic Trials Finland's Mikko Ala-Leppilampi went down after a lap and a half in the Olympic final at Munich, fractured his arm, got up and finished 10th UCLA's Earl Clibborn shattered his leg on the last barrier in the 1965 NCAAs He arose and ran on the pieces to come in third

Experienced steeplers expect to fall down Mike Manley has 12 years worth of scars Falls took him out of the 1964 NCAAs and the 1968 Olympic Trials. In the semifinals of the 1972 Trials he went down again in the first water jump, but this time he was ready. "I trained myself for falling I misjudged the barrier because of the sun off the water and I thought, 'Oh, no, not again,' but I forced myself to catch up gradually." Manley won both his semifinal heat and the final

In flat distance races, runners can cultivate rhythms. Once locked into, say, a 60-seconds-per-lap pace, a miler attempts to stay in it until his final kick Fatigue mounts evenly and can be countered with a smooth increase in effort He strains only in the last 600 yards But should he fall or be severely jostled, the miler flounders The effort that propelled him at 15 mph as long as he kept his rhythm won't move him anywhere near that speed without it

The water jump, in effect, forces every steeplechaser to fall once a lap Keeping a rhythm is impossible "The barriers give you a lot more potential excuses," says Manley. "That instinct which calls for you to take it easy starts screaming at every jump You can't get your steps, your shoes are full of water, your ankle clipped the last hurdle. . . . But that subversive little voice never seems to learn that the pain of the race might be nothing compared with your misery later over not having done your best."

If he is erect at the finish, a steeplechaser cannot expect to be swept away by jubilant spectators. George Young clutched his Olympic bronze medal in 1968 and said, "That is the last steeplechase anyone will ever see me run." He later reduced the U S record for 5,000 meters and made the 1972 team at that distance, but stuck grimly to his pledge

"I don't know why the steeplechase isn't more popular among spectators," says Manley. "It's certainly exciting enough for the runners " He theorizes that the event could stand a more natural setting "It's really just plasticized cross-country The barriers had their beginnings in fallen logs and streams Perhaps that is so removed from Tartan tracks and striped traffic barricades that our absurdity is showing "

The public is not alone in its inability to comprehend this peculiar event Nobody knows how to coach it, either For years runners learned a hurdling technique similar to that used in the 400-meter intermediates But Keino and Kerry O'Brien of Australia, who broke the world record in 1970, step on the hurdles like arthritic old ladies. (The world record of 8:20.8 is now held by Anders Garderud of Sweden and Ben Jipcho of Kenya) It was believed as well that landing in six inches or so of water helped cushion the shock of the jump and assisted in keeping momentum. Says Young, "I always thought I could run faster than I could fly." Then Kenyan Amos Biwott won in Mexico without dampening his socks At this juncture a beginner is no longer sure how, or even whether, to practice the jump. Neither O'Brien nor Keino has ever taken a water jump in training "I just enjoy it in races," says O'Brien. "I refuse to think of the negative side of it." The steeplechase is thus proof even against positive thinking. O'Brien fell badly in the 1970 Commonwealth Games and at Munich.

Eventually one wonders why anyone submits to the rigors of the event. Mike Manley, who loves it despite all it's done to him, returns to origins: "Don't you remember when you were a kid? You'd set up boxes or park benches or sticks with string between them. And you'd *jump*. You'd do it again and again, getting as high as you could. There was a mesmerizing quality to the repetition Each time you left your feet, you felt . . . well, you felt free, and you didn't ever want to stop. Don't you remember?"

Kip Keino's question is strictly rhetorical. "They do give medals for it, don't they?"

—Kenny Moore

From this angle, the Olympic aspirants at Eugene, Ore. seem to be insouciant.

'I'M THE TYPE OF SWIMMER LIFEGUARDS HATE'

So says Jim Havender, 81, the World's Oldest Lifeguard, who ignores his own counsel because the ocean loves him ***by ROY BLOUNT JR.***



If you make a rescue and you've got a fella in shallow water, and you're bringing him in with his arm around your neck, stay with him," advises Jim Havender. "Guys will come up wanting to relieve you. Don't let them, because if you do they'll get the write-up. There'll be a picture of them bringing the guy in, and the story might even say the lifeguard was exhausted and he had to be rescued, too."

Not many active lifeguards would reveal such trade secrets, but then not many of them are 81 years old. That is the calendar age of Uncle Jim, as Havender is called by everyone at Camp Monomoy, a boys' camp in East Brewster, Mass. on Cape Cod, to which he will repair this week for his 28th summer as chief lifeguard, institution and cutup.

Uncle Jim has lifeguarded in a lot of places in his time, and this past winter he was honored by the Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale as the World's Oldest Lifeguard, which he may or may not be.

"Recently I went in for some tests," he says, "and the doctor said to me, 'Your body is 39 years of age.' I didn't fall for it. I know I'm an old guy. I told this doctor, 'You make too much of me.' He said, 'You ought to see what we get coming here.' "

Uncle Jim is 5' 7", snub-nosed, bald and in midsummer a deep reddish brown. At Monomoy he is almost always dressed in one of his 14 tanktype bathing suits, all of which bag in the seat. His waist and his lizardy skin have gone somewhat slack, but his arms, legs and shoulders still have the trim and vigorous lines of a boyish obsessive swimmer.

Uncle Jim may refuse to believe that he is as healthy as the doctors claim, but he can eat anything he wants to, he quit smoking in 1933 and he has managed to live with a number of specific ailments since youth. One day in 1906 he surfaced with a buzzing in his left ear that he still has; so he can sleep he sometimes plays a radio down low all night to offset the buzz. In the summer of '14 he went out to free a motorboat from a reef in rough water and the propeller nearly chewed his foot off; from tower to surf he is slow, because he has to run on the side of that foot. He has an acidity problem that first cropped up when he ate two pounds of peanut clusters to celebrate a high-school promotion.

One further deficiency has come to him in old age, however, and that one interferes with his profoundest urge, which he has also had since youth.

"I'm a show-off swimmer," he says. "I've been well known since I was a boy as the guy who'd swim out two miles and go off the earth. Even today I like to think somebody's watching me when I go in. I imitate a seal or a porpoise."

But now he can only do it for short periods, and mostly on top of the water. A good many of his tricks used to be for only his own and the ocean's sake below the surface—combinations of backward and forward loops and sinuous upthrusts. Now he has to avoid keeping his head underwater for long. "My Eustachian tube has gotten kind of aged, it's



as big as my finger. Water gets into my ears through my nose and affects my hearing. I don't want to go deaf."

But he doesn't want to get out of the ocean, either. In the summer he lives right by it, in a one-room wood shack 10 yards from his lifeguard tower on Monomoy's beach. Children come in from down the beach to get lollipops. He says, "Hello, little girlie" to the girls and exacts a hug, and sometimes they clean up his house for him, but sometimes he shoos them off after a while, saying, "Go on back to your mother before she calls me a kidnapper."

For an adult visitor, he perches on a graying deck chair and talks at considerably greater length about how he and the ocean love each other, and how he has guarded lives and spent his own.

"When I was five my Uncle George threw me right into the ocean," he says. "That should have scared me for life, but it didn't. I was reckless right from the start—a quarter of a mile out on water wings and happy as hell.

"I made my first rescue when I was a little kid, at Orchard Beach in the Bronx. I was standing in the water and a lady was doing the sidestroke past my knees. She started yelling for help. I thought, 'Well, she wants to get into the vertical,' so I lifted her up. I didn't even know when I left the water that I'd saved her. I couldn't even swim. But I got quite a write-up for it in the *Bronx Borough Record*: BRAVE RESCUE BY TREMONT BOY."

Uncle Jim snickers. "I'd have done the same if the woman had fallen in the street. But it meant an awful lot to her, I guess. She came by later to my father's place to buy a memorial carving and pointed at me and said, 'That's the little boy who saved my life!'

"My father sold monuments in the Bronx. Havender Monumental Works—it's still there at the end of the Lexington Avenue subway line. My two brothers went into the business. They're dead now. I wasn't going into anything but swimming. My brother Joe was well known as a great athlete and he could swim all right, but when he got on the beach he'd shiver and turn blue. I was no good at anything but swimming.

"I got started as a lifeguard at 14, on Coney Island. I couldn't save a life on a bet, but by then I had spent enough time at Orchard Beach and on North Beach, where La Guardia Airport is now, that I could swim like hell. I swam in the East River and I used to swim across the Hudson and back just to show off. I always had the feeling that I was the greatest swimmer in the world. Potentially. If I weren't holding back. That's ridiculous, but it makes you a good swimmer.

"One of my problems as a young man was how was I going to get the summer off for the rest of my life. That's the only reason I went to college. I was on the swimming team and played water polo at CCNY, and in the summers I'd be on the beach all day lifeguarding. I went on to graduate school at Columbia so I could have one more summer off. Then I enlisted in World War I in the Navy. I was known as a guy who on just any kind of bet would jump off the submarine chaser into the middle of the ocean. I got to be a chief hosun's mate, and I had a pretty tough bunch to handle. Once I heard some of them talking, various ones saying they could handle me.

"Well, I popped up and said, 'Maybe I can't lick any of you on deck, but someday one of you will get too close to the edge and I'll shove you over and when we hit the water I'll be boss.'"

Uncle Jim winks and nods his head.

After the war he found a way to keep on having his summers free. "I had flunked Latin so much I had a good foundation in it," he says. For the next 30 years he taught that language in New York public high schools. When school was out he repaired to Fire Island or to Lake Ontario or to Nauset Beach on the ocean side of Cape Cod. He saved occasional lives and got deeper and deeper into natation.

"I'm not the greatest lifeguard in the world," he says, "but I'm probably the best swimmer among them. At Lake Ontario there was this big fat boy who must have weighed *300 pounds*. He couldn't swim a lick, but no 20 guys could sink him. They'd get on him and push on his belly—he was an island. The reason I mention him is that I could be a little bigger. But I know the ways of the surf.

"When I run a surf beach, I get up on the tower and see thousands of heads bobbing. It looks almost hopeless. But

continued

You think your nose is too big.





Brylcreem thinks your hair was too flat.

You think your ears stick out.





Brylcreem thinks your hair was too short.

You think your face is too fat.





Brylcreem thinks your hair was misplaced.

You think your face is too long.





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the first thing I do is jam them. Make them all stay close together. That way they all rescue each other.

"And I watch for things. When you've been at it as long as I have you don't save anybody, because you anticipate. 'Jim, we fished out two yesterday,' they tell me. I say, 'Well, that's fine, but if I'd been here, there wouldn't have been anybody to fish out.'

"These college boys are a very colorful bunch, but they're likely to be playing around with each other when somebody calls for help, then they turn around and start after him. But when you hear somebody yell you don't know where he is. Lots of heads out there. If you're watching all the time, you'll see something you don't like, and that's where your call for help is going to come from."

There is nothing about the water itself that Uncle Jim doesn't like, but he knows that some people can't cope with certain aspects of it, such as undertow and sea pusses.

" 'Cramp' is not a word in my vocabulary," he says. "The word is 'panic.' That's what happens to people. The ocean can do things to you. If you're standing in it, it lifts you a bit. It can throw you right out of the water. Then this thing they call the undertow—something pulling at your ankles a bit. It's not dangerous. But for people who're not used to it, it's something they're not in control of, and most of these people come from swimming pools—they don't like things that have no end. They panic.

" 'If you're scared of undertow,' I tell them, 'just get up on your belly and swim till your stomach hits the sand.'

"Then there's a sea puss. That's when the surf is rolling in, but a lane opens up all of a sudden that goes backward and it takes everything out with it. But it's only going to be a few feet wide—get up on your belly and swim to the side, out of it."

A sea puss is as domesticable as that to Uncle Jim, although to Webster's it is "a dangerous swirling." He does not evince much sympathy for people who can't ride out or sidestep the ocean's quirks. He doesn't have much good to say, in fact, for anyone he's saved from drowning.

"I got kind of mad going out after one man—this fellow was a fine swimmer. 'What you yelling for help for?' I asked him. 'You can swim as well as I can.' 'Yeah,' he said, 'but I can't turn around.'

"But usually when you get to a drowning man he's facing the shore, taking his last look." Uncle Jim chuckles. "The book says you're supposed to dive down under him and turn him around so you can tow him in. I have a little different trick. I get in a ball with my foot up toward his face. 'Turn around, if you don't want a kick,' I tell him.

"One woman got so mad at me she said, 'The next time I'm drowning I'd rather drown than be saved by him.' But I make 'em swim in. Make 'em work. I say, 'I'm not a ferryboat.' After all, they didn't fly out, they must know how to swim."

These methods are apparently sound, because Uncle Jim maintains that "There's never been a drowning on any beach I've worked on. That includes the phonies. A phony is when a man drowns and the lifeguard says he didn't drown, he had a heart attack. When I was starting out at Coney Island, there were so many people we were always afraid to go back to work—afraid somebody would show up dead that we hadn't noticed. 'What would you do if that happened?' I asked the older lifeguards. 'We'd launch him again and let him come up on some other guy's beach,' they said. But it didn't happen. I've never had any kind of drowning. And now my reputation is made."

Uncle Jim came close to a watery grave himself once off Bermuda, when he got caught in a driving rainstorm while swimming a couple of miles alone. The rain happened to be slanting in on his breathing side. He disappeared, and his friends on shore had given him up for dead when he strolled up behind them. He had switched over to breathing on the other side, had kept on plugging and had drifted with the wind and tides until they washed him up miles down the beach.

"I'm the type of swimmer lifeguards hate," Uncle Jim says with pride. "I always swim alone. I was out half a mile one day and some camper came by in a sailboat. 'We were taught that you should never go out by yourself,' he said. 'That applies to everybody but me,' I said. 'I'm an exception. The ocean loves me, or it would've drowned me long ago.'

"I've even felt cramps coming on, a mile out, but that never bothered me. You just relax. Just take the strain off your feet and let 'em wiggle like ribbons.

"I get a great kick out of being sort of a master of the ocean. I feel it belongs to me. That's what makes me say the ocean loves me. I know it's a cinch to cut through the breakers. Hit 'em low and you can cut through three or four of 'em. The people on shore don't know that. You can do exercises in the ocean you could never do on land. Lying on your stomach, twisting your body left and right, moving ways you never could with your feet on the ground. Sometimes the water out there is so nice and warm I wish I *could* drown, and stay in it.

"I love to submerge. I love to go down to the bottom. You can't see anything—a film of water forms over your eyes. But you know the bottom's there, and you can say you're detached from the world—away from people, away from all the problems. The other guys try to be, but I *am* detached."

And now, because of his ears, Uncle Jim can't submerge. In the tower he may seem to be in his element, but there he is naggingly attached to all those bobbing heads. He stands erect, arms akimbo, looking for trouble, sending a junior counselor in a rowboat over to the adjoining public beach to see whether a man out shoulder-deep with his baby boy wouldn't like a little assistance, which is Uncle Jim's way of suggesting that the man take the baby back into shallower water.

"I see an old character on the beach in a wheelchair and I can always tell if he's been a lifeguard," Uncle Jim says. "He's watching. Every now and then he looks up at me, as if to say, 'Did you notice that?' I can always tell an old lifeguard. He cannot comfortably sit on the beach."

Away from the beach Uncle Jim has perhaps never sat very comfortably. He didn't marry until the day before his 40th birthday, and he was separated from his nonswimming wife for the last 16 years of their marriage. "I didn't get along so well in married life," he says. "It's hard to hit it right." His wife's death in 1968 left him with a three-story house in Woodlawn in the upper Bronx to rattle around in for nine months of the year, with no company except the late Mrs. Havender's $25,000 doll collection. He practices mouth-to-mouth resuscitation (which he has had to use only half a dozen times) on the largest doll.

His two sons visited him occasionally, but he was away lifeguarding or pursuing such projects as attending night law school a good deal of the time while they were growing up—"I never even taught

continued

them to swim" and he sometimes hints that he should have spread himself a little thin and got to know them better.

"I live a very simple life," he says of his lifelong concentration on matters of the surf. "And I think I ought to be criticized for it," he adds with less than perfect conviction. His off-season habits now are austere. Thanks largely to an inheritance from his father, he is worth "close to half a million," he says, "but I go around switching off all the lights." He practices a little estate and real-estate law and frequents the New York Athletic Club.

Because of matters concerning his property, Uncle Jim is unable to move to Florida where he could lifeguard year-round. Besides, he says, "A lifeguard down there is just another guy doing a job. He isn't worshipped by the girls the way you are up north, where you make an appearance only one-fourth of the year." But he goes down there occasionally to visit the Swimming Hall of Fame and he takes in a few swim meets around the country. Sometimes he is asked to officiate, "But I'd rather pay my way in, and sit in the stands and decide for myself who is great."

The greatest man of all in Uncle Jim's estimation is Lindbergh. "I can't see anybody but Charlie. I was at a Jack Sharkey fight and they announced that he'd taken off. We had a moment of silent prayer. 'He's out in the darkness. Nobody knows where he is,' the minister said." Uncle Jim doubts that he has gone far enough in his own life.

"I wrote a letter a while back to a girl I know real well, and told her I'd figured out I wasted my life. I should've been traveling, going somewhere." He reads everything he can find about polar exploration, and he wants to go to Antarctica.

But the thing that galls him the most is that "I miss being able to do those somersaults under the water. They're part of my little routine. Oh, do I miss 'em. Maybe I can get a better nose clamp and carry on.

"But what the hell, I'm 81. I used to porpoise for a quarter of a mile. I don't think I could do 40 yards today. I used to get two new bathing suits every year, but I'm 81, I'm through with stocking up. I'll just use these suits until I quit.

"I may not quit. I may die out here. I'm on the way to 90, and I want to croak before I get there. I don't know anybody 90 years old who amounts to much. I know people in the NYAC who were Olympic athletes who can hardly walk with two canes today. They end up with a male nurse putting on their shoes for them. There isn't anybody spared."

But gloom is an undertow, which Uncle Jim can still get up on his belly and swim out of. He has interests. In the summer, at night, alone in his folding bed, with lights flashing into the windows of his shack from bomb-run practice offshore, he reads up on ecology and natural history. He wishes now he'd become a marine biologist as well as a swimmer. He is thinking of taking up writing.

"I have another feature I don't brag

continued

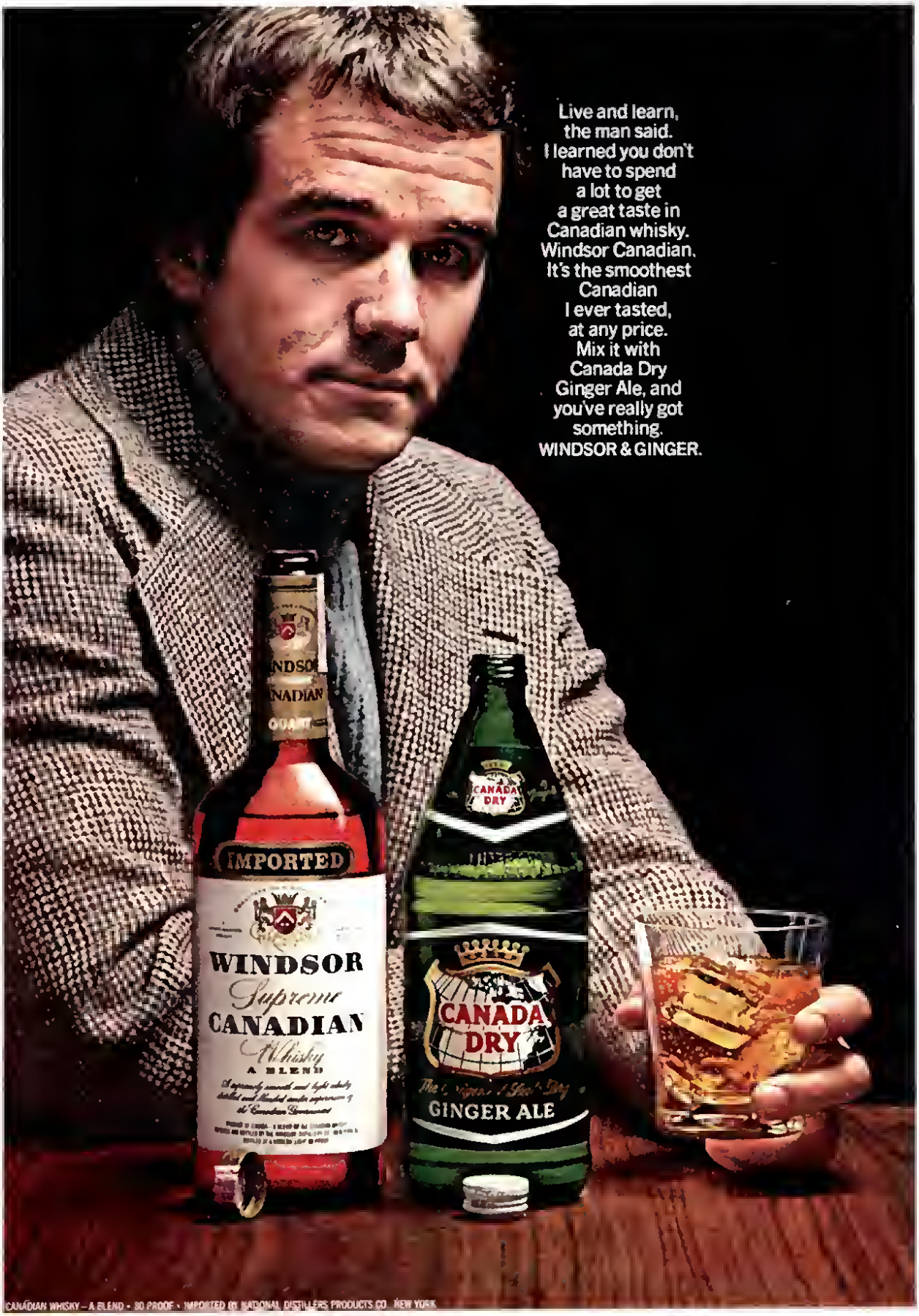
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about," he says. "I know the name of every plant that grows. I thought everybody knew 'em. I was 50 years old before I knew I was a rarity. Now they got me giving the campers lectures on plants in the mornings."

He talks about plants in very friendly terms. "When the island of Surtsey was created off Iceland by a volcano under the sea," he says, "the first green plant that began to grow on it was the sea rocket. I have the same plant right out by my tower. I look at it and say, 'Sea rocket, your finest hour' the first plant on Surtsey.' Occasionally I eat a little of it. It tastes like cabbage." Sometimes, as a joke, he plants an ailanthus in the surf and tells people it is a saltwater tree.

"This little house keeps me coming back every summer," he says. "What other lifeguard gets a little house? They must love me here. Sometimes when I'm gloomy at home in the winter I'll call the number here and think 'Well, the phone is ringing in the little bungalow.'"

And, after all, the sea has not lost its savor altogether. He can still go out and do his crawl a long way, at 6 a.m. or at night, whenever the tide is high. He can still do a little cavorting. "People come up to me and say, 'You look like you have a lot of fun in the water.' 'I do!' I tell them."

Yes, he says, he would be glad to show a visitor the tricks he still can manage. He leaves his shack, limps across the beach, wades out and begins rolling in the water and nosing rhythmically in and out of the waves, his feet flipping up together like a tail. His movements are not acrobatic, you wouldn't even call them tricky or think to applaud. But they are so relaxed, wriggly and economical that he does in fact look like a marine animal. And he looks like he *feels* it. It is something to see.

"I always felt that the ocean loved me," he says once again, after drying off and changing into another of the 14 suits. "It would drown other people. But not me. *I* would go out in the ocean at its worst, but I always loved it, and it always brought me back.

"Of course, that was blissful ignorance. I didn't seem to know then that the ocean goes somewhere, and it could take me."

But the ocean still brings Uncle Jim back to a point. And it won't be some little sea puss that takes him out in the end. **END**



pros

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The Rangers draft a young David to whom no-hitters are old stuff

Bring on the Goliaths

Hey, Darrell, you surely know all about this phenom down in the Spring Branch section of Houston, at Westchester High School, who can kick a football from Port Arthur to El Paso if the wind is with him. Otherwise, maybe only to Odessa. With the inside of his foot, too, like them foreign fellers, only he's a genuine *American* phenom, which is the way it should be. Kicked 49- and 45-yard field goals as a senior, and a 59-yarder fell just short of the crossbar. But lest you think this magazine has gone and put the wrong sport in front of the slash up above, or a lunatic's name after it, you ought to know that this young man's future is not with the Texas Longhorns but with the Texas Rangers, for whom he will play briefly before heading north to induction ceremonies at Cooperstown.

His name is David Clyde and he is an 18-year-old left-handed pitcher. He throws the ball so hard that if he had been the David who went up against Goliath, he wouldn't have needed any sling. He threw nine no-hitters in his high-school career, five of them in his senior year and two of them back to back against the same opponent in the state playoffs. He did not allow a run in his last 55⅓ innings and only three earned runs all season. In his last 39 innings he permitted only two hits, one of them a scratch single, the other a late-swinging Texas League double to right field. He finished with an *18-0* record, and he had not been defeated the entire previous summer of American Legion ball.

So it is no wonder that the hapless Rangers, picking first in last week's major-league draft and in dire need of pitching help, selected Clyde. The word around the state is that he will not be farmed out to Gastonia of the Class A Western Carolinas League but will report first to his bank to deposit his bonus bundle ($100,000 has been the figure bandied about) and then to Manager Whitey Herzog at Arlington Stadium. Before serious negotiations could start between the club and Clyde's father Gene, however, there was first the matter of the state tournament to clean up. Ranger Owner Bob Short and General Manager Joe Burke, not exactly caught up in the heat of a pennant race, told the Clyde family and the Westchester High coach, Bob French, to bring the championship back to Spring Branch—then there would be plenty of time to think about becoming instantly rich.

The semifinals and final of the 25th annual state tournament were held last Thursday and Friday at Austin's Nelson Field. Westchester had been on the scene last year and had been bombarded by Bellaire of Houston 11–1 in the opening game, with Clyde lasting only 4⅔ innings and hitting everything in the ball park but the strike zone. He had not lost since, and the Westchester Wildcats had good talent to back him up, including Catcher Bobby Williams, Clyde's target for four years, Shortstop Steve Ramsey, drafted by Baltimore, and Centerfielder Mark Covey, an All-District quarterback for the football team.

The opponent in the semifinal was Galena Park High, also from the Greater Houston area and quite familiar with the legendary lefty who in a few days probably would be pitching in the American League. However, the Galena Park players insisted they were not trembling with fear at the thought of stepping into the batter's box.

"If I can't hit him, nobody can," said First Baseman David DuBose. "I don't think there's anybody on this team that's afraid to bat against him."

Westchester lost the coin flip and had to bat first as the visiting team. The leadoff hitter, Jimmy Lassiter, put a home run over the left-field wall, and that proved to be *all* the Wildcats needed. When Clyde walked out to the mound the crowd settled back in the pleasant heat to eat their snow cones and enjoy the breeze from vainly flailing Galena Park bats. Clyde was not at his overpowering best, perhaps because he had had a seven-day layoff since his last start, but he was good enough to hold Galena Park hitless through the first six innings. The second batter up in the seventh and last inning was David DuBose, the fearless one, who had struck out twice. He swung late and the ball arched into right field, bounced just under the glove of the diving rightfielder and DuBose made it to second. Clyde struck out the next two batters, giving him 13 for the game, and Westchester won 5–0.

He did not pitch the next day and Westchester was upset by Midland 3–1 in the Texas 4A final. And so David finished his illustrious high-school career with 843 strikeouts in 475⅓ innings in four seasons, a 46-6 record for his last three seasons and 45 victories in his last 46 games. And no doubt a new Texas high school record for drooling scouts, one game, one season, one career.

Clyde seems to have all the attributes of a genuine Texas hero: he is a handsome, well-built, 6′ 1″ 190-pounder with brown curly hair, a polite manner and a pretty little sprite of a girl friend who gets straight A's at Westchester. Thanks to

continued

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her cracking down on him, he got pretty good grades himself this last year and the two of them will probably go to Texas A&M in the fall. The only flaw is that he is just as much a Kansan as a Texan.

He was born in Kansas City, Kans. and grew up in Wichita and Topeka, not to mention New Providence, N.J. (that is where he played some soccer and developed his sideways kicking) and St. Louis as the Bell System kept moving his father around. The family finally settled in Spring Branch when he was in the ninth grade and had been pitching a couple of years. Just about everything he knows about pitching was taught by his dad, who had been a semipro pitcher and first baseman in the Kansas City area.

Clyde's money pitch—and it will certainly be that after he bites into Bob Short's bankroll—is his fastball. He thinks it is faster than some major-leaguers' (modest fellow) but admits it does not match Sam McDowell's meteorite. He also has a hard slider that fools the batters because it looks just like his fast ball until it breaks.

"I'd like to have some more work on my change of pace," he says.

Whether that work will be done in Arlington Stadium or Gastonia is the question. Some newspaper reports said his father was insisting that Dave go directly to the big club and get at least three starts before being farmed out. Gene Clyde insisted that the tales were not true.

"I'll leave that with the baseball people," he said.

He probably will because he's got enough to think about. There are three more sons at home, ages 14, 13 and 10, and the Rangers are going to need a *lot* more help the next few years, at least on the days between David's starts.

THE WEEK

(June 3-9)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST

When Manager Sparky Anderson last saw Dan Driessen play for the Reds' Indianapolis farm team, he told him, "You're too ugly to be a movie star. You'll have to be a baseball star." To which Driessen responded, "Yeah, but ain't I cute when I'm hitting?" After 47 games at Indy, in which he had 47 RBIs, hit .409 and was on base 100 times, Driessen joined the Reds. He looked downright handsome as he highlighted a seven-run ninth with a walk and a double to overcome the Cubs 8–4. Johnny Bench had the game-winning hit that day, just as he had earlier in the week when his three-run 10th-inning homer put down the Mets 6–5. Also contributing mightily as the Reds won four of five and took over third place was Tony Perez, who boomed out four homers and had 12 RBIs.

There was Dave Roberts with a 6–3 record and a 2.52 ERA, the best marks on the starting Houston staff. There was Manager Leo Durocher pulling Roberts from the starting rotation and giving the ball to Don Wilson, recently recovered from a broken hand. There was Wilson losing to the Pirates while Durocher hinted that Roberts might be shuttled to the bullpen. "I wouldn't be happy there," said the understandably bewildered Roberts, who earlier in the week had shut out the Phillies.

It was also difficult to comprehend the Giants, who despite their need for pitchers (they gave up 12 walks in one game last week) sold Sam McDowell to the Yankees. For the seventh time in eight tries, Juan Marichal failed to go the route. And the Giants, after four straight wins, were twice drubbed by the rampaging Expos.

San Diego's lone win in six tries came when Ivan Murrell homered in the ninth to defeat the Cardinals 4–3. Willie Davis of the Dodgers chucked his 31-ounce bat, began using a 34-ouncer and homered in three successive games. But the rest of the club lacked punch and the best the *Dodgers could* do was to split six games.

Eddie Mathews, the Braves' skipper, had breakfast with Chuck Tanner, his counterpart on the White Sox. As a result, Mathews decided that his *knuckleballer*—Phil Niekro—would go on the Wilbur Wood diet of pitching every third day. Niekro, who had only three wins all year, promptly won twice in four days. And Henry Aaron came two home runs nearer the number.

SF 38-22 LA 34-23 CIN 31-24
HOUS 32-27 ATL 22-33 SD 20-36

NL EAST

Over the fence is a double—at least when the umpire says it is. And that's just what happened to Phillie Pitcher Ken Brett. Giant Centerfielder Garry Maddox, believing Brett's drive had cleared the Candlestick fence on the fly, was puzzled when Ump Dick Stello halted Brett at second. Maddox conferred with Rightfielder Bobby Bonds. "Bonds told me the umpire called it a double and to keep my mouth shut," Maddox said. Stello, among others, thought the ball had skipped over on one bounce, which would have made it a ground-rule double. The Giants won that game 5–4, but Brett was not to be denied. His next time out he hit another ball over the fence, was credited with a homer, raised his batting average to .318, beat the Padres 4–1 and cut his ERA to 2.90. Wayne Twitchell, who teammate Jim Lonborg insists has the best fastball in the league, blazed his way past the Astros 4–0 and brought his ERA down to 2.15.

Tim McCarver singled in the 10th to beat the Astros 2–1 and Jose Cruz tripled across two runs to finish off the Padres 5–3 as the Cardinals won three in a row. That made them 16 for 18, a pace that carried the Cardinals from last place to second. But then St. Louis lost three in a row and clunked into fourth place.

Steve Blass, runner-up for last year's Cy Young Award, was bludgeoned again and his ERA soared to 8.21. Pittsburgh lost five of six and had to share second place with Montreal, which won four and lost two. Powering the Expos were Ken Singleton, Ron Fairly, Ron Hunt and Mike Jorgensen. Singleton had four RBIs in each of two games, and Fairly finished the Braves 7–6 with an 11th-inning homer. Hunt scored five times and Jorgensen drove in four runs as the Expos set a team record by temporarily making midgets of the Giants 17–3.

There were two loud cracks in New York. One was Willie Mays hitting his first home run of the season and 655th of his career. The other came when Shortstop Bud Harrelson broke his hand. The Mets are being injured as fast as a battalion of jaywalkers crossing Times Square at high noon. At the next draft the club might bypass players and sign up two surgeons, three bone specialists, a nurse and some stretcher-bearers.

After blowing a game to the Reds, Cub Manager Whitey Lockman said, "It makes you aware that adversity may be a part of *life*." Still, his *troubles* were naught compared with those of the crippled Mets. After all, Lockman's team led the East by 5½ games and at least part of that cushion could be attributed to some of Lockman's managerial manipulations. With the Cubs trailing the Reds 5–4 in the seventh and with a man on first and none out, it was a logical spot for Lockman to order a sacrifice. But with Rick Monday, a left-handed batter, facing Tom Hall, a left-handed pitcher, Lockman called his hitter aside. Whitey reasoned that Hall would be throwing fastballs to make it hard for Monday to lay down a soft bunt. "Go ripping," Lockman told his man. Rip the ball Monday did, slamming the anticipated fast ball into the bleachers for a 6–5 win.

CHI 33-23 MONT 24-25 PITT 24-25
STL 24-28 NY 23-27 PHIL 22-32

AL EAST

It was a Christmas-in-June week for the Yankees, who got two gift-wrapped pitchers from the National League, a thoughtful bag of debris from K.C. and—for the first time since

continued

We can't talk our way



It used to be hard to get people to talk about the energy problem. Now, it seems everybody is talking about it. If we're going to solve the energy problem before it becomes a crisis, it's time to stop talking and start taking action.

This country is entering a period in which our available domestic energy supplies will not be enough to meet our needs. In short, we're using up our low cost fuels faster than we can produce them.

Oddly enough we have more energy supplies right here in America. Experts estimate there are substantial quantities of oil and gas and nuclear fuel still to be found. We have billions of tons of known coal and shale oil reserves. What we need is the national determination to initiate the policies and programs that will enable us to develop these resources.

It would have been tough enough to solve the energy problem if we had started ten years ago. The tragedy is, we haven't really started yet. If this country is going to maintain its national security and current standard of living, every single one of these policies must be put into effect as soon as possible.

We must produce 90% of our energy from domestic sources.

Some people think we can solve our energy problems by importing oil from foreign countries. The trouble is, energy supplies are growing scarce in other industrial nations, too. As we compete with these nations for oil and gas, the price goes up.

Too many foreign imports would result in intolerable balance of payment problems, further devaluation of the dollar and a weakening of our position in foreign affairs.

To keep our total energy imports at a reasonable level of around 10%, means that all forms of domestic fuel must be developed.

We should strive to increase oil and gas production by ½ by 1985.

This is a big and difficult task. Federal lease sales will have to be larger and more frequent. Exploration and production will be required both onshore and offshore with proper safeguards for our environment. Alaskan oil will have to be brought to market. And since some imports will have to continue for a long time, import costs must be reduced, by building more U.S. refineries and deepwater ports for super-tankers.

Coal production will have to increase 176% by 1985.

There is plenty of coal left in this country. Enough to last hundreds of years. But most coal is dirty. We must continue to develop methods for removing ash and sulphur from coal.

In addition, we should increase coal prices to encourage construction of new mines. We also must allow strip mining, but under conditions which insure the restoration of the land. And we must develop processes for making natural gas from coal on a commercial basis.

Nuclear energy will have to increase to 22% of our total energy needs.

Potentially, nuclear power represents our most plentiful energy resource. But today, only one percent of our energy needs are provided by nuclear generators. And there are only 29 nuclear power plants operating in the entire country. We will need anywhere from 230 to 305 new 1-million kilowatt plants initiated in the next several years. To make this deadline will require streamlining of licensing procedures and site approvals and elimination of delays caused by unwarranted environmental concerns.

A strong private energy industry must be maintained.

With all the work there is to be done, it's quite obvious that neither government nor industry can do it alone. What's needed is an attitude of mutual cooperation. Much like that which exists in the American Space Program. Price controls over fuels should be eliminated to allow prices to reach a level which will provide incentives for research, exploration, development, and protection of our environment. Tax incentives are needed in the form of credits for research expenditures, tax free bonds for environmental protection facilities and nuclear fuel plants, current deductions for equipment designed to conserve our less plentiful fuels, and depletion allowances. These incentives will stimulate the attraction of capital that is needed to help finance the activity that will solve the energy crisis.

Government should make more public lands available to the energy industries.

Currently, one-third of the nation's land mass is under Federal domain....750 million acres in all. The Federal Government also has control over vast tracts of the continental shelf. It is estimated that half of our remaining oil and gas potential lies under Federally controlled lands. Not to mention 80% of our oil shale, 40% of our coal, and 40% of our uranium.

These lands must be made available for commercial energy resource development. This would include exploration, mining, and the building of power plants, refineries, pipelines and deepwater ports. The Federal Government should also establish uniform land-use laws among the states, and jurisdiction over the submerged lands of the continental mass.

A balance must be established between the needs of our environment and the nation's need for energy.

It's true that the energy industries, like most industries and most people, were once guilty of neglect of our environment. And it was only right that conservationists and ecologists were concerned. But now the pendulum has, in many cases, swung too far in the other direction.

We can, and must, arrive at programs that will strike a proper balance between energy production and a suitable environment.

Environmental standards must be set at levels that can be met

out of the energy crisis.







at reasonable cost. Because eventually the public must pay this cost in the form of higher prices for fuel.

We must permit offshore drilling to find new reservoirs of oil and gas while utilizing effective methods to avoid ecological damage. In 25 years, there have only been three major oil spills in the drilling of over 14,000 offshore wells. And we are constantly improving on that record.

We must construct the Alaskan Pipeline. The nation's largest oil field has never yielded us a drop of oil in spite of the most extensive environmental impact study in history and the proven technology of pipeline construction. And right now, we need that oil more than ever.

Strip mining must be permitted under conditions where the land can be returned to beneficial use. In many areas, such restoration has been accomplished with outstanding results.

And we must not allow delays in the construction of nuclear power plants. Some environmentalists have succeeded in doing this, in spite of an outstanding performance to date of the nation's 29 operating nuclear power plants.

The people in the energy industries have no interest in harming the earth. We live here, too. In recent years we have tried to understand the environmental problems. It is time the environmentalist tried to understand the energy problem.

Energy conservation must be encouraged by the government, the public, and industry.

Nobody thinks that proper energy consumption practices alone will solve the energy problem. But they can make it much easier to solve the problems by other methods.

A free market price system would encourage conservation. As supply decreases, prices will increase. Increased prices will, in turn, stimulate more production and increased efficiency in the use of existing fuels.

We must also encourage the use of mass transit, smaller automobiles, and more building insulation.

The Government should encourage U.S. industry to develop energy sources in foreign countries.

Our ability to discover and develop oil in other countries would not only result in a greater supply, but would lower world prices, improve the balance of payments picture for this country, and provide us with a more secure access to the oil we need to import. The Federal Government must maintain a stable and friendly relationship with oil producing countries and provide a stable tax and financial climate that will encourage foreign investment.

The Government should create the economic environment needed to commercialize synthetic fuels.

There are large deposits of shale oil and coal in this country which could be converted into clean fuel. But the price would for some time be too high for general commercial use.

And there are environmental and engineering problems still to be solved. What's needed are incentive devices to generate capital so that private industry can afford to tap these valuable resources.

The Government must support long range research programs.

The energy problem is immense. To solve it is going to require one of the most extensive technological programs in history. Not only a research and development program, but a framework to provide for practical commercialization as well.

The Federal Government and private industry will have to share in the funding of such a research program. Incentives such as tax credits and a strong patent program should be used to reward those companies willing to take risks to help solve our energy problems.

Energy companies must continue to invest in new sources of energy.

While long-range programs are being established, the energy industry must continue to make substantial investments in energy sources and technology.

For example, Gulf invested $141 million in exploration and dry hole expense last year, and expects to spend even more this year. We continue to try to find economically viable ways of getting oil out of plentiful shale. We are building a pilot plant in Tacoma, Washington that can remove virtually all of the ash and up to 80% of the sulphur from coal. We are the leading builder of high-temperature gas-cooled nuclear reactors, and we've invested millions of dollars toward developing breeder reactors which will actually make their own fuel.

We're going to need all the sources of energy we can find or invent.

A national energy program should be established.

It should be painfully obvious that there is an incredible amount of work to be done. To develop the policies and programs that are needed, the Federal Government must act as a focal point for the energy problem. It's up to the small, top level group recently formed by the President to issue energy plans and recommend energy policies. These policies and plans put forth by the executive branch will, by necessity, require much Congressional legislation. And all of this needs the understanding and support of the public.

A country like ours needs energy. Energy to run our factories and our electric power plants. Energy to run our trains and trucks. Energy to drive our cars, heat our homes and cook our food.

To develop this energy isn't going to be easy. It's going to be expensive, time-consuming and, in some cases, unpopular.

But the important thing is that we stop talking and start doing something. Right now. Today. We can't wait for tomorrow.

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April 19, 1967—sole possession of first place. Pat Dobson came over from the Braves, Sam McDowell from the Giants. Manager Ralph Houk received a bag of dirt and pebbles from Kansas City GM Cedric Tallis, who knew that the Yankee manager, while playing in Royals Stadium with its wall-to-wall ersatz greenery, would otherwise be unable to indulge in his habitual sifting of earthy materials. While Houk sifted, his Yankees accepted more gifts from the Royals: five ninth-inning walks—and won 6-4. That win went to Dobson, who pitched five scoreless innings in relief. Sparky Lyle also pitched superbly in relief, yielding just three hits in 6⅔ innings as he saved five games. But the Yankees were not only takers, they were givers, too. Shortstop Gene Michael had a present for Vic Harris of the Rangers: one well-hidden baseball, with which he tagged him out to terminate a Texas uprising.

Reliever John Hiller of the Tigers earned his 11th save with 3⅓ innings of one-hit work against the Angels. He was even more gratified, however, by another save he made earlier that day when he dived into a hotel pool and rescued a 5-year-old boy. Willie Horton slugged three home runs and Mickey Lolich had two wins, yet the Tigers were 3-3 for the week and toppled to second place.

A vote of confidence was given Indian Manager Ken Aspromonte by GM Phil Seghi after the club had lost its eighth consecutive contest. "I'm trying to tell them [the players] to keep their chins up," Aspromonte said. Chins up, the Indians took the field against the Chicago White Sox and were knocked out 6-3.

Although Carlton Fisk had driven in eight runs in the two previous games, Boston Manager Eddie Kasko felt it was time to give him a day off. So he let Bob Montgomery catch Bill Lee the next day. Lee was one strike away from a 4-2 win over the Royals but then served up four balls to Paul Schaal and a homer to Jim Wohlford. In the bottom of the 10th, though, Montgomery proved he was an able replacement for Fisk by hitting his second home run of the afternoon at Fenway for a 5-4 win. Carl Yastrzemski rapped out his 2,000th hit to help the Red Sox build a 4-2 week.

Milwaukee bumped Boston from fourth place by winning five of six as Jerry Bell and Jim Colborn each won twice. Bell stymied both the White Sox and Angels with three-hitters and Colborn, who allowed only nine hits, blanked the A's and Angels to improve his record to 7-2 and lower his ERA to 1.82. Don Money's home run in the ninth brought a 5-4 win over the A's, and Ollie Brown's over-the-fence smash was good for a 1-0 victory over the Angels.

Earl Williams hit his first homer since April 22, Boog Powell his first since April 27 and Brooks Robinson his first since May 1 as Baltimore took four of six and climbed over the .500 plateau. Augmenting their power at bat, the Orioles showed speed of foot. They stole 11 bases, giving them 54 in 71 attempts and putting them within easy reach of last season's total of 78 and their all-time high of 97 a decade ago.

NY 30-25 DET 29-25 BALT 25-24
MIL 28-27 BOS 25-26 CLEV 20-34

AL WEST

"What I'm looking for and am determined to get is consistency from my pitchers," said Ranger Manager Whitey Herzog. His pitchers were certainly consistent last week, they gave up lots of hits and runs almost daily. Herzog, though, was pleased with Don Stanhouse, who blanked the Yankees for 8⅓ innings in relief for his first win as the Rangers fought from five runs down to take the game 7-5.

While Oakland (*page 20*) lingered in fifth place, Kansas City struggled to stay ahead of the A's. After squeezing by the Indians 5-4 with a three-run ninth climaxed by Amos Otis' two-out, two-run hit, the Royals lost *five in a row. Bringing about* the sudden downfall was out-of-sight pitching that yielded nine homers, 41 runs and 33 walks.

Bill Singer of the Angels won his 10th game, beating Detroit 7-4, and Nolan Ryan pulled the Tigers' tail 3-0. But the Angels were winless in four other outings.

When Twin Pitcher Bert Blyleven was not stifling opposing batters he was fiddling with a handkerchief placed at the front of the mound. What kind of hanky-panky was this? Pitching Coach Al Worthington explained: "The idea was for him to pitch and follow through, picking up the handkerchief after releasing the ball." That, plus other repair work on the faulty delivery he had fallen into earlier this season, has enabled Blyleven to win five of his past six games. Last week he stopped the Orioles 2-0 on two singles, slicing his earned run average during those six starts to 1.00.

For the White Sox it was a so-so, 3-3 week. Wilbur Wood lost for the fifth time, won for the 14th. Things could have been worse but for some fortuitous happenings during one wacky inning in which the Orioles had a triple, single, stolen base, two walks and the benefit of an error—and failed to score. The Orioles led off that inning with a triple. One out later came a grounder to third base on which the runner at third was thrown out at home. A steal and an overthrow on the play put another Bird on third. Two walks loaded the bases. The final batter's grounder hit the runner going to second, resulting in an automatic single and out. It all helped Chicago to win 3-2 and to end a five-game losing streak.

CHI 30-20 MINN 28-22 CAL 27-25
KC 30-28 OAK 28-28 TEX 18-33



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WASHINGTDN, Sports Mart
WINCHESTER The Sports Center

IOWA
AMES Nims Sportsman's
BURLINGTON Burlington Sporting Gds
CEDAR FALLS Iowa Sports Supply J S Latta and Son
CEDAR RAPIDS, Armstrong's Sport Gds
CLEAR LAKE Thaiss Sporting Gds
CLINTON Rod Fitch's Sports Ctr
DAVENPORT Craton's Inc
DUBUQUE Rouheks Dapt Store Zehentner's Sports World
MASON CITY Dacker Sporting Gds.
OELWEIN J & L Sport & Bika Shop
OHUMWA Roberts Sporting Gda
SIOUX CITY Dwight Hault Sporting Gds Sporisman s Inc
WATERLOO Craft-Cochran Athlatic Gds Schaels Sport Shop
WEBSTER CITY Wilcox Sports Ctr

KANSAS
ARKANSAS CITY Wright Burton Hdw
DODGE CITY, Pennington's Sporting Gds
EMPORIA Flook's Sporting Gds Haynes Hardware
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SALINA School Spac Supoly Inc
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WELLINGTON Wellington Sporting Gds
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ADRIAN Maumaa Co
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FARMINGTON Farmington Sports Ctr
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HOLLAND-GRAND HAVEN Superior Sport Store
JACKSON Lyla Hunt & Co
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LANSING, Bollerts Frandor Hdwe
LIVONIA Sports World
LUDINGTON Sport 'N Spint Ctr
MT CLEMENS, Rosso Sporting Gds
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AUSTIN Dugana Sport Shop
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Some long Texas green lures Gordie Howe's adolescent sons to the WHA's Houston Aeros—and the old man scents a million or so, too

Moments after he helped his kids relieve the Houston Aeros of $1 million last week and boldly proposed a deal to take another $1 million for himself, Gordie Howe shook his head and ordered a Bloody Mary. "Would you believe it?" he asked incredulously. "What a difference from when it all started!"

It had started on an afternoon in 1944 when the late Fred Pinckney, a scout for the Detroit Red Wings, took Howe, a 16-year-old schoolboy from Floral, Saskatchewan, to Eaton's department store in Saskatoon and bought him a suit, a shirt, a tie, a pair of socks and a pair of shoes. The next day Pinckney escorted the nervous youngster to the railroad station and put him aboard a rickety coach for the two-day trip from Saskatoon to Windsor, Ontario, where the Red Wings were holding training camp. A few days later Detroit signed Howe for a $500 bonus, an official Red Wings jacket and a $1,700 salary. "The whole package did not add up to $2,500," Howe said. "But, you know, I still managed to save some money and send it home."

One morning last week Howe, now 45 years old, took his wife and four children from Detroit to Houston on a combination business and pleasure trip. They flew first-class jet, and when they arrived a limousine chauffeured them to the Sonesta Hotel, where the palatial Texas Suite was reserved for them. There was a shiny brass plate on the door that read: "Mr. and Mrs. Gordie Howe." That night Howe took his family to the Astrodome to see the baseball game and, as any kid might, 12-year-old Murray Howe got lost for five innings. Midway through the game the big board in center field flashed a greeting. "Welcome Gordie Howe and Family in Sky Boxes." On the way back to the hotel the Howes were welcomed to "Howes-ton" by the neon message board atop a downtown building.

Then it was time for Howe and his attorney, Gerry Patterson of Montreal, to get down to business. In a calculated move that had shocked the National Hockey League, the Aeros of the World Hockey Association had selected 19-year-old Defenseman Marty Howe and 18-year-old Left Wing Mark Howe in their league's annual draft of professional players. By NHL rules the Howes were still amateurs, members of the Toronto Marlboros and ineligible for drafting by any NHL team because they were not yet 20 years old. As a matter of policy the WHA also has observed that practice. However, at the insistence of Doug Harvey, once a great defenseman for the Montreal Canadiens and now Houston's assistant coach, the Aeros drafted the Howes on the ground that they were professionals. "Marty and Mark are Americans who went to Canada expressly to play hockey for $60 a week, and that clearly made them professionals," ex-

continued

HOWE SMILES WITH SONS MARTY (CENTER) AND MARK AT PRESS CONFERENCE CONFIRMING THE KIDS' LOOT



plained Jim Smith, the young president of the Aeros. Bobby Hull, among other WHA coaches, vigorously protested Houston's interpretation of the amateur rule, but WHA President Gary Davidson upheld the Aeros. When Gordie and his attorney finally sat down to negotiate with Smith last week, there was little doubt that Marty and Mark would be signing a contract with the Aeros. "I talked to [NHL President] Clarence Campbell about having the boys become eligible for the NHL right now," Gordie said, "but his hands are tied legally. So why should I ask the kids to play for $60 a week in Toronto when they can play for thousands a week in Houston?" Campbell admitted that he "could not quarrel with Gordie's attitude" in the matter of having Marty and Mark sign with Houston, but he and other NHL people hoped the Howe boys would join up for no more than two years and then perhaps jump to the NHL in 1975.

The contract negotiations were short and particularly sweet for the Howes, but not for the NHL. Both boys signed *four*-year contracts adding up to $1 million. ("The four years was a shock," admitted Campbell.) Mark, who was no worse than the third best amateur player in Canada last season but faced two more years with the Marlboros at that $60 a week, will collect about $140,000 a year, with Marty picking up $110,000. "They both have instant security," their father said. "*It* is unbelievable." Gordie never earned as much as $100,000 a year until his 25th and final season in the NHL, and it took him some 18 seasons to make what Mark will in the next four.

Reaching a little deeper into their voluminous pockets, the Aeros dangled $200,000 before the living symbol of all that is Gallic, dynastic and conquering in the province of Quebec—Henri Richard. The Canadiens' captain thought that over, then stayed on at $120,000 a year. Other NHL men had started jumping—Montreal's Marc Tardif to the Los Angeles Sharks for $150,000 a year, Boston's Mike Walton to the Minnesota Fighting Saints for $440,000 over three years.

"I hope people don't expect too much from us," Mark Howe cautioned the Texans. "Oh, I don't know what Mark's talking about," said Marty. "I think we both can step right in and help the team."

While both boys seem quiet and shy, Marty obviously has a quick wit. Earlier this year he was asked what Defenseman Denis Potvin (the NHL's No. 1 draft choice who signed a three-year, $500,000 contract with the New York Islanders last week) could do that Bobby Orr couldn't. "Only one thing," Marty said. "Speak French." Asked last week if it would upset him to knock down Bobby Hull, Marty replied, "No, it would be a thrill, really."

Having permanently solved the allowance problems of his two oldest children, Howe then began his own negotiating with the Aeros. Since his retirement as an active player in 1971, Howe has been a vice-president of the Red Wings, charged mainly with counting paper clips and making sure the pucks are properly frozen before a game. "Gordon has a pasture job," claims his wife Colleen. Still, the pasture job pays Howe $50,000 a year—more than any other Red Wing executive earns—and he picks up another $75,000 from outside endeavors, including an endorsement arrangement with Eaton's stores. Howe obviously wants to play again—on the same team with Marty and Mark. "It has been a dream I've always had," he said. "It would be good for them, I think. I know it would be good for me."

Once Marty and Mark enlisted with Houston, Howe gave the Aeros a list of 41 reasons why they should sign him to a four-year, approximately $1 million contract. Items: the publicity value of having the highest scorer in the history of hockey playing in the WHA, a further decline in the sagging prestige of the NHL and stronger bargaining power for the WHA in negotiating television contracts. Howe offered to play for the Aeros next year and then work full time in the front office the following year. In turn the Aeros would give him $500,000 as a cash-advance bonus and pay him $125,000 per year.

"Marty's a defenseman," Gordie said, "so the three of us normally wouldn't be able to play on one line. But we could make a 'one-for-the-crowd' appearance together every so often."

The Houston management was given two weeks in which to accept or reject Howe's proposal. "I think we'll work something out," Smith said. "Right now we are looking at his suggestion from our own standpoint, but we will be talking to the league shortly." If the WHA feels Howe is worth the price, it most likely will assess each member team equally to produce the $500,000 advance Howe has asked. Last year every WHA team contributed $100,000 to Bobby Hull's $1 million bonus, and as Davidson has said: "We got away cheap considering what Bobby did to promote the league."

As Howe expected, his discussions with the WHA have provoked serious concern among those NHL owners and officials who know the difference between a hockey puck and a balance sheet. "We certainly have not cast him away," Campbell said. "Anybody in his right mind would have deep regret if a reasonable effort was not made to retain him. Any other result would be distasteful—a terrible tragedy—as far as I'm concerned. He is a great NHL figure."

Flying back to Detroit, Howe seemed to shift moods every few seconds. In one breath he said, "It's awkward to be negotiating with Houston while I'm still being paid by Detroit, isn't it?" In the next he said, "I hope the NHL doesn't think I'm turning my back on it. I'm not worried about my image; I'll let those 25 years I spent with the Red Wings answer that question." Then, "I won't be jumping, because I'm not under contract as a player. If I go, I'll be sliding." And, "I told Jim Bishop of the Red Wings not to get mad if *I* have to use the facilities at the Olympia to get in shape for the Aeros. I don't think he liked that too much. Let's face it, money will decide what I do. It's Houston's decision. If they want to have me for what *I* asked for, then it would be only good business sense to take it. You know, in my scoring-title years and my Stanley Cup years, I couldn't live on my hockey salary. I had to take a summer job. Here I was the star of the world, and I watched my neighbor, a salesman, take his family and his boat away every Friday night for the weekend at their cottage. There I was, supposedly the star of everything, working a second job to get along."

To counter what Howe asked from the WHA, the NHL offered him what Campbell calls a "super P.R. job" for a considerably larger sum than the $50,000 he receives from the Red Wings, but considerably less than the $125,000 he might make each year in Houston. "In the past Gordie has told us he doesn't want to travel anymore," Campbell said. "If he plays, he will have to travel regularly. The job we have offered him also calls for considerable movement away from Detroit. The decision is his now." **END**

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DOES STANDARD OIL REALLY HAVE TO ALLOCATE GASOLINE?

A PROGRESS REPORT ON THE GASOLINE SHORTAGE

Recently, Standard Oil started allocating gasoline and other petroleum products. By allocating, we mean assigning limits to the amount of products we will supply to each of our dealers, jobbers and agents based on their past usage. This decision to allocate came reluctantly after hard, careful study. It seems to us to be the best alternative to assure orderly and fair distribution of our available supply. We think the American public has the right to know the facts behind this decision.

Primarily, the situation is this: demand has outstripped our country's crude oil supply. (Even though Standard Oil refineries are running well ahead of last year. And at practical maximum with available crude.)

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We're exploring for oil the world over. Increasing our pipeline and refining capabilities. Developing new processes that will increase our yield. And importing more foreign crude than ever before—as expensive as it is.

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But we can't do it all alone. We need everyone's help. Industry's. Government's. Yours.

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Does Standard Oil really have to allocate gasoline?

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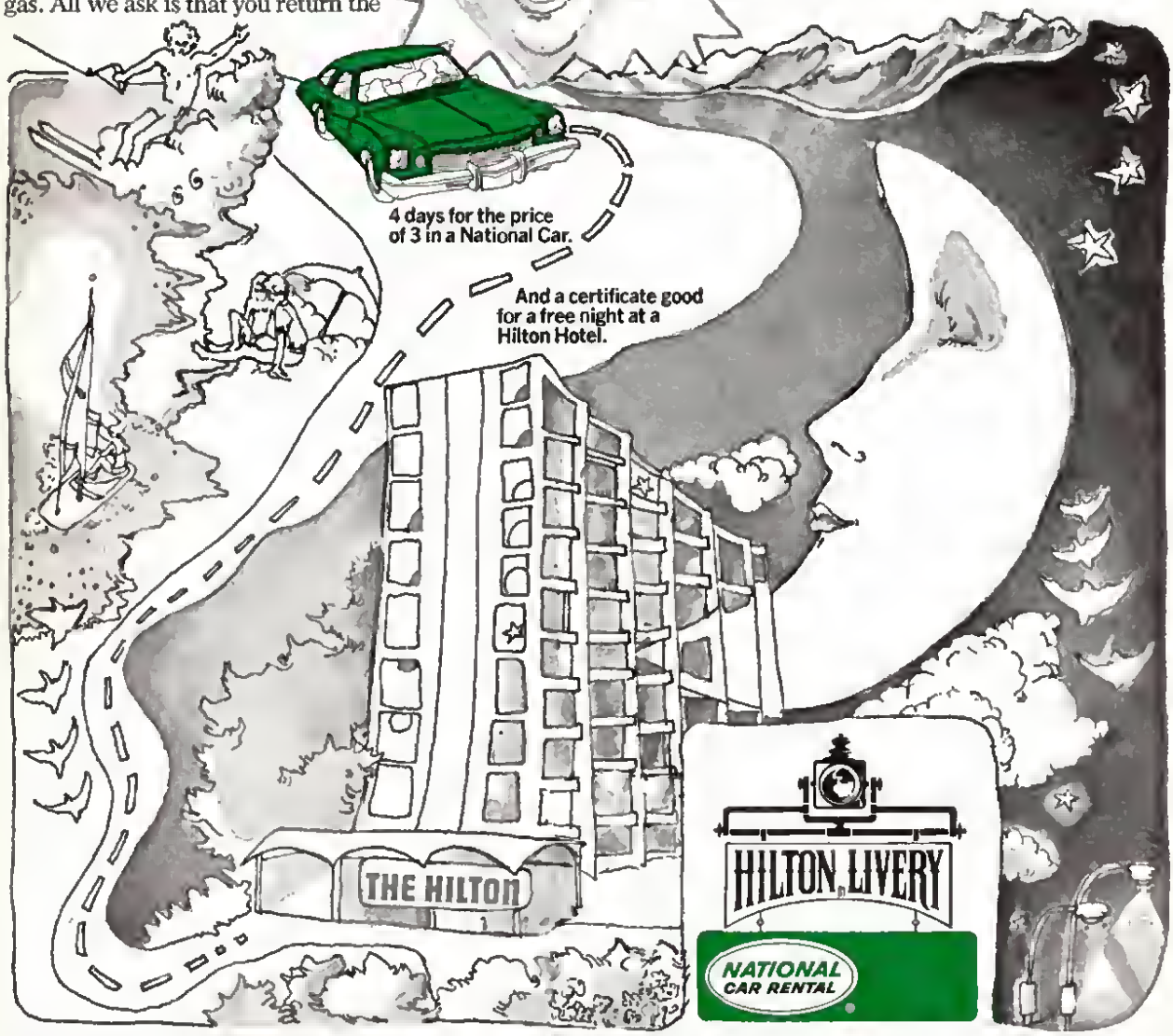
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†Available only at participating U.S. locations, which does not include Metro New York and some other cities.

Some hot times in a hothouse

It was 90° in Baton Rouge, but UCLA beat the heat to win its third straight collegiate championship



ROD MILBURN TOOK THE HIGH HURDLES IN 13.1, A TENTH OFF HIS WORLD MARK

As track meets go the 52nd annual NCAA Championships at Baton Rouge last week was certain to generate a bunch of new records. Not so much for athletic excellence, you understand, but in such categories as soggy T shirts, fevered brows and a dire shortage of Ultra Ban 5,000. But for Dave Wottle, the defending champion in the mile run, and UCLA, the defending champion in everything, it was strictly a case of no sweat.

Wottle, the Olympic 800-meter gold medalist from Bowling Green, left Bernie Moore Stadium Saturday afternoon with a win and a personal record in the mile. UCLA also ran well but mostly jumped to a third straight team title with 56 points as USC, which was considered to have a chance of dethroning the Bruins, wilted in the heat and wound up with nine points, its fewest ever.

Oregon, another contender, finished second with 31 points as Steve Prefontaine became the first to win an NCAA track event four years in succession. Pre took the three-mile by 50 yards in 13:05.3, the best time in the world this year. Following his victory lap he toned down his earlier criticism of LSU as the meet site (SI, May 28) by praising the crowd, facilities, organization, scenery—everything but the 90° temperature and 93% humidity. As indeed he should have. Climate notwithstanding, it may have been the best NCAA meet ever.

Even before the first trial heat on Thursday night, a few hours after a driving rainstorm had sent nearly all of Baton Rouge in search of an ark and two of every species the mile field loomed as the classiest of the meet. Eight competitors had broken four minutes and five had faster times than Wottle's seasonal low of 3:58.6. The best of the bunch was Michigan State's Ken Popejoy, a bright, delightfully enthusiastic 120-pound whippet who on May 5 had run 3:57 to begin a string of four straight sub-four races on successive weekends. The other contenders did in fact come in pairs. North Carolina entered Reggie McAfee (3:57.8), the first black native American to crack four minutes, and Tony Waldrop (3:58.4), a half-miler who had run the longer distance just four times in his life. From the West Coast, by way of Ethiopia and Norway respectively, came Oregon State's Hailu Ebba and Oregon's Knut Kvalheim, each with a 3:57.9 best achieved when Ebba nipped Kvalheim in the Pacific Eight Conference meet.

Neither Popejoy's string of fine races, however, nor his victory over Wottle in the Vons Classic in L.A. on May 27 changed his opinion of who was the favorite. Wottle was the man, and as for tactics, the best way to beat him and his devastating kick was by staying ahead, preferably on a fast early pace. Most of the runners were hoping for that kind of pace. The trouble was no one seemed particularly interested in setting it.

"I have a feeling it's going to end up as a kicking race," Popejoy said. "I know I don't want to lead something that prestigious. I would hope the race goes out fast because both Dave and I are capable of a good time. The trouble with leading is that you don't know where your competition is in relation to you. You can go out and lead and get forced into a pace. You can blow your whole race plan that way. It's going to come down to the end."

Ebba won his heat in 4:04, hanging a 1:54.3 second 880 on a slow opening half. "On Saturday everybody is a kicker," he said, "so I expect someone to set a fast pace to take away our kicks. It could be real fast."

Would you set it, Hailu?

"Aw, never," he laughed. "I'll only set the pace for the last 220."

"It's going to be a very technical race," Kvalheim said after narrowly beating McAfee in their heat. "I could see six or seven guys winning it. Popejoy and Wottle are both kickers and McAfee didn't

continued

seem all that fast tonight. I might take a fast pace, but I want to see what it looks like first."

The only note of mild dissent was offered by McAfee, who said, "I can't look at it as a one-guy thing. Everyone is of the same caliber and it's going to be up to the guy who races. The pace is going to be slow and Wottle will try to win it with the kick."

Wottle himself was mildly worried about the weather, along with a select circle of 9,000 or so, since Saturday's finals would be contested in the middle of the sultry afternoon rather than in the evening cool which blessed the trials.

"I think the heat will be a factor," he said. "We haven't had this kind of hot weather in Bowling Green. It's kind of stupid that they run it in the afternoon, but they have to because of TV pressure. I feel that the race will be a fast one. Nobody wants to set the pace, but I have a feeling that someone is going to go out. I think one runner will feel he has to do it. It's going to go to the guy who runs the smartest race."

The way the race was run should have been a special vindication for Wottle, who has often been accused of stupid tactics. On Saturday no one ran the mile with more moxie than he did, but then it was relatively easy, since the fast early pace was nonexistent.

Almost by default, the race did get a leader in Paul Cummings of Brigham Young, but he sapped nobody in taking the field through a 61.2 first quarter and a timid 2.04.4 half. After three laps Missouri's Charles McMullen was up front but not for long. Wottle kicked with 220 yards to go, and it was all over 100 yards later when he powered by Ebba on the turn and held off Waldrop through the stretch. With a 53.2 last lap Wottle won in 3:57.1, a half-second better than Marty Liquori's meet record.

The state of Louisiana had never been graced by a sub-four mile, and Saturday's was a dazzler, eight men breaking four minutes. Waldrop, who had said, "I think I'm not really good enough to run the mile with these guys," had a 52.8 last lap and finished second in 3:57.3. "I wasn't in the right position," he said afterward, "but I didn't think Wottle could be beaten anyway. All I've been thinking about for days is this race. Now I'm glad it's over. I knew nothing about running in a crowd on the backstretch. On the last lap I was still in eighth place. I was just thinking, 'I'm going to be second.' It was impossible to catch Wottle."

After Waldrop came McAfee and Ebba, both in 3:57.8. Popejoy was fifth with blistered feet in 3:58.5 and San Jose State's unheralded freshman, Mark Schilling, came in sixth in 3:58.6. Kvalheim's 3:58.9 was good for a nonscoring seventh place and McMullen was caught in 3:59.6. It was the second time in history that eight milers in the same race finished under four minutes; it was the first time this season that Wottle wore the hat he made famous at Munich.

"I knew I had control of the race when I went around Hailu on the turn with 120 yards to go," he said. "They all relied on their kicks. Everyone figured, 'I'll have as good a chance as anyone with my kick.'"

Popejoy broke four minutes for the first time a year ago this June, when he first met Wottle, decided to imitate everything he did and carried out that intention to the point of substituting greasy food for his usual prerace meal. "I don't think anyone can beat Dave Wottle from behind," Popejoy said the day before the mile. "If he is leading with 220 yards to go, I don't think he can be beaten. He's the one person in the country who comes closest to carrying the kind of mystique that Jim Ryun had." After the race no one could argue the point.

Louisiana sports fans admittedly have had few occasions to witness track of the sort they saw in the NCAA, but that deprivation hardly kept them from grooving over eight meet records, UCLA tenacity, Prefontaine, Rod Milburn and a mile-relay leg by Maurice Peoples of Arizona State. Peoples stunned a few folks earlier in the afternoon when he beat UCLA's Benny Brown in the 440 in 45 flat. In the mile relay Peoples ran the fastest anchor leg ever, a 43.4, to almost pull the Sun Devils into second place over Texas. UCLA won the race for the fifth straight year, in 3:04.3.

The Bruins' team championship might have seemed as inexorable as Wottle's, but UCLA did have its moments of adversity. On Thursday, François Tracanelli failed to qualify for the pole vault finals when he missed three times at 16′ 3″. On Saturday triple jumper Harry Freeman severely injured his right leg and had to be carried from the field. However, other Bruins rose to the challenge. Finn Bendixen, celebrating a week wherein he also earned Phi Beta Kappa

continued

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honors, won the long jump with a leap of 25'10½" while USC's Randy Williams, the Olympic champion, was pushed back to fourth by gusty winds and step problems. In the triple jump Milan Tiff of UCLA had a meet record leap of 54'2¾".

For USC Coach Vern Wolfe, watching his team's performance "was like reading a horror novel." Jerry Wilson failed to advance beyond his heat in the high hurdles. Donald Quarrie finished seventh in the 100 and scratched from the 220 because of heat prostration and the Trojans' 440 relay team dropped the baton on its first exchange.

Although Milburn attended Southern University in Baton Rouge, the meet marked his first performance on the LSU track, and it was a memorable one. In three high-hurdle races he consecutively lowered the stadium record to 13.4, 13.3 and, in the final, 13.1—the only occasion that time has been run with a legal wind. Milburn has exceeded it, of course, with his world record of 13 flat.

No one, however, got more sustained applause than Prefontaine, who astounded the fans as he virtually predicted he would after Thursday's trial. "You may see some strange things on Saturday," he said slyly. "Why should I tell everybody what I'm going to put in the cake? They'll find out. I could throw a two-minute half into the middle, run my last mile in four minutes or do the last quarter in 51 seconds. I may even wake up on Saturday and not feel good and get 57th. There will be 15 good runners and it will be an interesting race."

In point of fact there was Pre and there were some runners who were merely good, a difference that was not lost on the crowd. Prefontaine toured his last mile in 4:15 after establishing a stadium record for two miles en route. He probably also set another record on his victory lap, which got a standing ovation. "They say the South is a bit behind the West in track and field," Pre said, "but if the crowds are like this, I must say they are catching up fast. I rate Eugene No. 1, Berkeley No. 2 and Baton Rouge No. 3."

LSU merits a big hand too, the competition going off without a single mix-up. This was a result of the university involving its entire athletic department in the meet, recruiting outside help for tasks where experience was limited and working hard. Obviously, nothing beats the sweat of honest toil. **END**

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golf's jekyll & hyde





Some say Bruce Crampton is cruel, officious and humorless, others, that he is warm, kind and helpful. Everyone agrees, however, that out on the course he has monstrous talent

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

In the spring of his 37th year Bruce Crampton made a remarkable if somewhat inconspicuous discovery. He discovered he wanted to be loved. Nothing exceptional, no extraordinary circumstances led up to this awakening. As had been his custom he was playing near the top of his profession, a $100,000-a-year man respected as a brilliant shotmaker and beloved by practically no one. Many of his fellow golfers actively disliked him, some for valid reasons, some from afar, on hearsay evidence.

Those who had experienced him on the golf course would, for the asking, gladly assemble the various negatives of his personality: "a surly person," a "pompous ass," a "miserable so-and-so." If the PGA kept records, they said, Bruce Crampton would hold them all for being rude to marshals, fans and photographers, and reducing lady scorekeepers to tears. Bruce Crampton was clearly a man who knew how to keep his best foot stationary.

In time the vinegary Crampton parables that made the rounds on the tour became, in their appositeness, ideal table-talk liveners:

Who's that out there playing by himself? That's Bruce Crampton having a practice round with his friends again.

Bruce Crampton? He drives in alone, stays to himself, never buys anybody a drink. Of course, he doesn't want anybody to buy him one either, so the match is even.

Bruce Crampton knows the rules better than anybody, and he'll run across the fairway to refresh your memory.

Golf is, essentially, a loner's game. Within breathshot of its patrons it requires private acts of intense detachment, the ability to block out at an appropriate moment all but the process of hitting the ball. Those brief moments are

continued

isolated from the longer periods of gregarious fairway-walking that make golf palatable for the tagalong fan.

Bruce Crampton's requirements went further. An introvert to begin with, he seemed unable to accept at ground level anything less than a total vacuum. He did not want to block out distractions, he wanted them eliminated. He said the golf course was his "office." People do not converse idly or swirl the ice in their paper cups in a man's office.

Once, playing in a threesome with Sam Snead, Crampton delayed his shot on the first tee to walk 20 yards down the fairway to counsel a marshal about crowd control. On his way back he complained to a photographer who he sensed was on the verge of exploding the air with a shutter click. When he finally settled down to hit, he stopped once more, walked over to a lady and asked her to stand up like everyone else. Snead, off to the side with George Fazio, put his hand to his mouth and said in an amused whisper, "How'd you like to be him?"

On the surface, it seemed Crampton didn't mind. In the 17 years he had been in the United States as an alien touring pro from Australia, Crampton was able to win, with uncanny accuracy, the displeasure of some of the most respected names in golf. Julius Boros saw fit to dress him down in a locker room in Greensboro one year for what he (Boros) considered a gross rebuff (by Crampton) of a friendly newsman. Boros had had on-the-course encounters with Crampton as well, dealing mostly with where this or that shot went in this or that water hazard. Boros considered Crampton's all-round dockside manners reprehensible. "We all have double bogeys; we all blow tournaments," said Boros. "His kind of conduct is totally unnecessary."

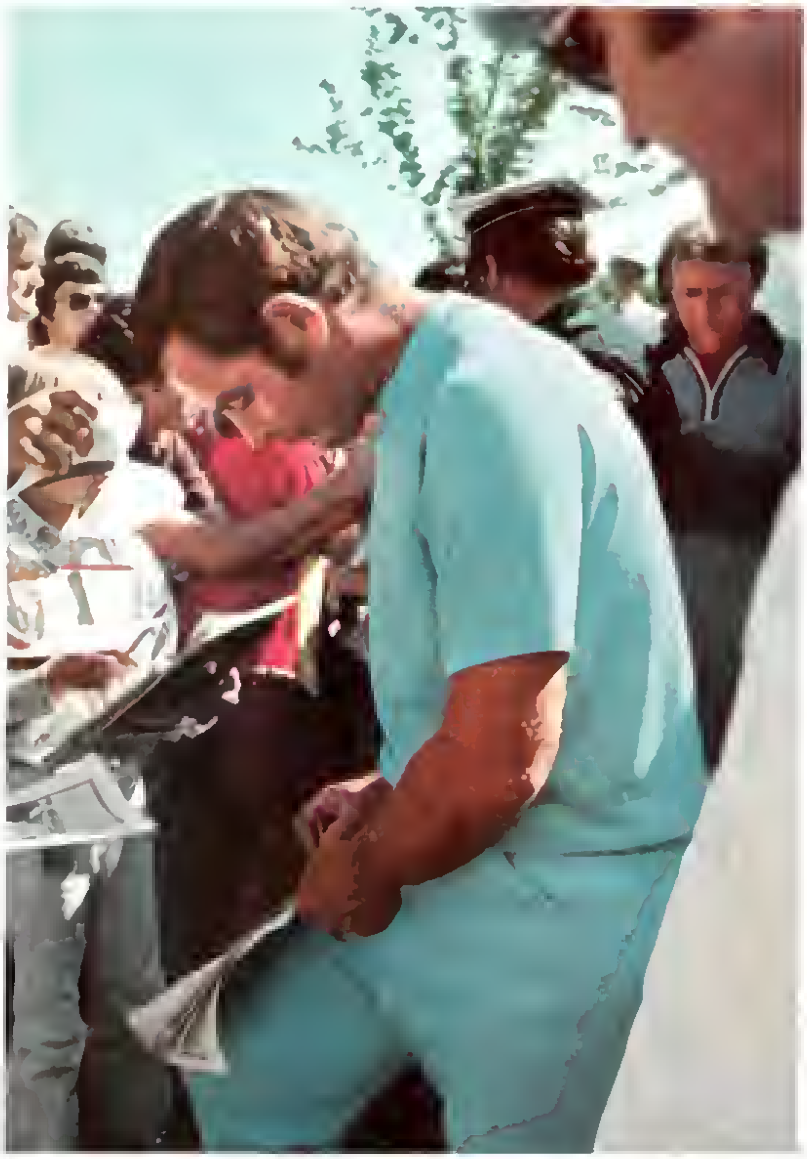
Arnold Palmer was said to be "near rage" a couple times over Crampton's officiousness, though Palmer kept his control. Dow Finsterwald said he was reluctant to go on the course with Crampton, fearful of "what he might say" to someone. "He's just not any fun," said Tom Weiskopf. Gardner Dickinson, no word mincer, said that "If every golfer treated volunteers and the public the way Crampton does we'd be playing for $25,000 a tournament instead of $250,000."

John Montgomery knows more than a little about what golfers play for. Montgomery is an ex-FBI man who under the name Executive Sports runs 16 of the tournaments on the PGA tour, coaxing together as many as 1,500 volunteers for a major event. A rope-holding marshal often turns out to be the local bank president, and a foot-weary scorekeeper the banker's wife. "If we had to pay them, we'd be out of business," says Montgomery. "Most players realize this, but some don't."



In Crampton's case, Montgomery had suffered his share of "girls coming to me in tears over something he had said" and "marshals telling me flat out they wouldn't work another tournament that he was in." Montgomery had taken to assigning special marshals just to follow Crampton, "something we couldn't possibly do for everyone." But Montgomery had also had a second impression about Crampton that baffled him, just as it had others who had gotten to know the Australian as more than a pain in the pairings. In all his years in the FBI and in professional golf, he said, Crampton was the "closest thing I've ever known to a true Jekyll and Hyde personality.

"I've seen him off the course show the



Upstaging another star in the process, Crampton works at giving and getting some Big A.

nicest manners, a real gentleman. In Cleveland in 1969, when he finished second to Charles Coody, he got up and made the most beautiful speech you ever heard. He spoke for 10 minutes. He was articulate, appreciative, generous—a speech that would have made Gary Player sound like a hick, and Player can lay the words on you."

Joe Dey, tour commissioner of the PGA, and Jack Tuthill, tournament director, express compassion in trying to account for Crampton's actions. Once, while watching the Hawaiian Open on television, Dey saw Crampton slam a club to the ground and phoned Hawaii to ask tournament officials to investigate. The result was a $150 fine, the only instant-replay long-distance-dialed penalty on record.

Yet Dey said he always found Crampton to be "an honest man. Scrupulously honest. If he is strictly business on the course, I have seen his good humor off it. What does *Ecclesiastes* say about a time for reaping and sowing? He keeps each in its place. It is his way. If it is a hard way, it is the one he has chosen."

Tuthill's dealing with Crampton had always been on "very precise terms," and "part of Bruce's problem is that very preciseness, particularly in his language. He's like Nicklaus used to be. Very businesslike and not entirely likable at first meeting."

Crampton came to Tuthill, almost pathetically, some seasons ago to ask what he might do to repair his image. Tuthill was taken aback, and for want of a thought-out solution suggested Crampton wear a hat to hide the severity of his expression. Though he is a handsome man with curly blond hair, Crampton's game face is contorted to the point of transformation. "He becomes the red-eyed fire-breathing image of an obsessed man," says a television executive who happens to like Bruce. "You can practically see hair grow on his cheeks."

Crampton tried Tuthill's cap idea, indicating a willingness for reclamation, but it didn't work.

Fred Corcoran, who was once Crampton's business manager, said, "I could have made money with him, but I couldn't get him to smile. People liked to watch him—a perfectionist with a perfectionist's swing. But they didn't root for him. He was totally colorless."

As his career bloomed (it was only a matter of time; his swing is clockwork and exceedingly powerful for a man 5′ 11″, 180 pounds), so to a lesser degree did his defenders. They were like new sectarians to a minor religion. Many of them were younger players with whom he seemed more relaxed. Jim Jamieson credited Crampton with the "encouragement" he needed to make it on the tour and called him a "great guy." Gibby Gilbert and Lou Graham agreed.

Jerry McGee said Crampton was a "fantastic man" whom people "just don't know. Bruce gets into trouble because he says what he feels—no shortcuts, everything black and white. When you get to know him you see the real warmth in him."

Neither were all the veterans hardened in their judgment. Jack Nicklaus spent 45 minutes working with him on the practice tee at Pebble Beach the year (1965) Crampton won the Bing Crosby, an act of concern that thrilled Crampton, who idolizes Nicklaus. When Crampton's name was used in vain in a recent conversation, Nicklaus said (in what amounted to a ringing endorsement from Jack), "Oh, Crampton's all right."

continued

And Crampton seemed to be doing all right at the start of this season. In January he won two tournaments in a row, the Tucson and Phoenix Opens. No pro golfer had won two in a row since Palmer in 1971. Before a quarter of the season was finished Crampton was within a putt or two of his sixth consecutive $100,000-plus year. (The total through May was $167,551, and he had moved to fifth on the alltime money list at $958,994.) His game was never better. Oil wells were pumping. Endorsements—a relatively new experience for him—were coming in.

And he was miserable.

When he got to Miami for the Jackie Gleason Inverrary Classic he told a doctor friend, a Miamian named Marshall Pepper, that he was "desperately unhappy." He said of the three things in life a man needed—success, health and happiness—he had found the first two "not worth a thing without the third." If he had made no new enemies that he knew of, he also recognized that his efforts to make a new image had gone largely unnoticed. He said he was still "misunderstood." Worst of all, his marriage of nine years was on the rocks.

Joan Crampton is a pale, delicate blonde girl, pretty in a fragile way. Her voice is soft and her manner uncertain, inconsistent with her background as an airline stewardess. She remembers, in her shyness, how she once hid under her bed in New Zealand when a boyfriend came to call, and her *faux pas* in meeting Jack Nicklaus for the first time. She had said, "You played marvelously, Jack," after he lost to Bruce in the 1970 Westchester Classic. "But not well enough," Jack replied. She was convinced Jack "must think me an imbecile."

Crampton's personality had dominated her own through their married life. The nine years had been crossed with emotional skirmishes. She told Bruce she was "afraid of him," not of what he would do but of what he would say. He admitted he had said a lot, and there had been times, most notably at the U.S. Open in 1970, when she had packed bags and son Jay (now 5) and flown home to their duplex in Dallas. Early this year she learned she had an ulcer.

A separation was imminent when Crampton checked in at Inverrary. He had flown cross-country from San Diego. Joan had driven the car from Dallas and immediately flown back for a doctor's appointment. They had already discussed divorce. Before he left Dallas for the West Coast Bruce had packed his trophies and, he said, "cried my eyes out."

His nerves were on edge, as they had been for some time. "It's amazing how well I've done, considering the state I've been in," he said. Crampton shot a 77 in the first round at Inverrary and withdrew from the tournament.

His official reasons were "mental fatigue" and "personal problems." A Fort Lauderdale newspaper account said he also blamed "bedevilment at the hands of the press." This was a flagrant fabrication; the writer admitted his facts were secondhand. "See?" said Crampton.

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That night he poured out his troubles to Marshall Pepper. In an almost offhand way, as Crampton remembers it, Pepper said, "What you've been missing in life, Bruce, is affection. You need affection."

"Affection?" Crampton said.

He said the word rang in his head like a school bell.

The next day at lunch, Crampton was intoxicated with enthusiasm, as one who has emerged blinking from a long laboratory stretch, the news of a breakthrough on his lips. "Affection," he said. "It's the key."

He had gone immediately to his dictionary to look it up. He carries the dictionary to improve his grammar.

"I read it over and over," he said at the table in the coffee shop. A breakfast steak lay untouched on his plate. "I called Joanie long-distance and read it to her. It's true, I told her. It's what we've both been missing. It's the key to the whole thing. I think we solved our problem right there because it unlocks everything in my life My marriage. The fans. The press. People I meet. Everything."

He had gotten so excited, he said, that he could scarcely wait to try it on people. "You get affection when you show it," he said. "It's the only way.

"I once told Joan it was her background, her shyness that caused me to feel lacking, but I see it differently now. I loved my Mum and Dad [his father is dead] as much as a boy could love his parents, and they were wonderful to me, taking me places, encouraging me. But I never once saw them show any affection for one another. Never in public. I was taught not to. I was chastised for holding hands with Joan in front of them.

"I think now it was more *my* background than hers."

Crampton's background, as he then related it, does not make a lighthearted narrative. That afternoon and through the weekend he let his memory graze over the high points. He seemed relieved at the chance, as one who has long hidden a love affair and is finally allowed to let it out. "This is good for me," he said.

Bruce Sidney Crampton was the only child of Hector Arnold and Beatrice Crampton, born in Sydney and raised in its suburbs. His father was a policeman for 37 years and at retirement was approximately the fifth-ranking officer in New South Wales.

"Other policemen used to tell me, 'Your father is tough and stern, but he stands up for his men.'" recalls Bruce. "I look very much like my father. People say as long as I'm alive Hec Crampton is, too. He was not a jovial person. He liked to stay home, putter in the garden. I see a lot of my father in me."

As a baby, Bruce suffered yellow jaundice and acute gastroenteritis and was twice written off for dead. His mother refused to let him be taken to the hospital. She said, "If he's going to die, he'll die here at home." Mrs. Crampton—who later was to be in the middle of some of the friction between Bruce and Joan—was the disciplinarian, administering justice in the form of spankings and punishments. "After some childhood mis-

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chief, some prank. I'd run to my dad for protection," says Bruce. "But I was not hard to raise. I gave them no big problems. We did things together—three-week fishing trips, camping trips, wonderful things."

From both parents he was taught the importance of "strong character. They made me do what I was told. We always went by the rules. I wasn't taught to drive until I was of legal age, no sooner, and then we started on the grass, not on the streets."

Taught thrift, he had to earn money to buy a golf club, a four-wood which he slept with for a week. He fished balls out of a drainage canal for profit, and was a full-time caddie at the Beverley Park course.

Taught the value of education, he labored long into the night to solve math problems. "I didn't always do them in the prescribed way, but I worked and worked until I got to the root of the answer. Plodding along. Much of my golf has been that way. It is just in the last two or three years that I have really learned things about the game. That may seem slow, but it's my nature." Taught honesty, he thought it a virtue capable of resolving almost any problem. "I can still hear my father. 'Son, don't be afraid to be honest. You can never hurt yourself being honest.' I have not always been rewarded, but so help me I've always tried."

The little winds of tragedy, the embarrassments that scarred him, blew early in his life. His eyeteeth (cuspids) protruded and the other kids called him "Fangs." The rest of his front teeth angled back in his head. If one thinks of buckteeth as the ultimate in happy smiles, his were the exact opposite of buckteeth. He hated the name, thinking it cruel and unjust. He tried to quit smiling.

(In recent years an orthodontist in Dallas has worked to overcome the trauma. The cuspids have been filed down. An intrusive malocclusion (overbite) is being worked on. Extractions have been made. "When I'm serious my jaw line recedes because of the overbite, and I look mad, which I'm not.")

As a teen-age golfing sensation, Crampton came under the eye of Norman Von Nida, the Ben Hogan of Australia. It was a highly beneficial association for Bruce, but eventually it added to his confusion.

Crampton remembers the first day Von Nida approached him, a vision in a black Jaguar with red cushions, driving up to the park where Bruce was practicing. "He got out and gave me a two-hour lesson. No charge. All the papers wrote it up."

Von Nida took him on tours throughout Australia, to Egypt, to Paris, to London, exposing him to things and teaching him. Many of Crampton's theories about golf were formed in those days: "That golf is a compromise between what your ego wants you to do, what your experience tells you to do and what your nerves will let you do." That it is "a game of opposites: hit down, the ball pops up. Sweep the club right, the ball hooks left." That it is a game where you "play the course and the elements, not your opponent."

"I learned to photograph a shot in my mind before I made it, and when it did not match the photograph it was no good. That's why I used to react so negatively when lucky shots were applauded. I was not satisfied, and I felt if the fans knew anything about golf they wouldn't be either. I expected them to do their homework, know as much as I did. I expected too much."

Von Nida's game matched his personality. He was flashy and abrasive, the delight of Australian golf. "For him, that was the way to be a star, and he told me I needed some of that. To be more colorful."

So Crampton embraced flashiness. He pounded clubs and showed his temper. He raged and pouted. He managed to become a colossal bore.

"My hair was longer then—this was about 1956—the way Peter Thomson wore his, and today people say it looks good that way, but for me then it wasn't right. People thought I looked queer or something." He won the 1956 Australian Open, but Thomson was not in the tournament, a point the press did not overlook. The next week both players entered the Speedo tournament on Thomson's home course and the papers made much of it, implying that now everyone would see just who was the real Australian champion. Crampton won that one, too.

The Australian championship got him an invitation to the Masters Tournament. With $2,500 in his pocket (expense money from his sponsor, Slazengers) and a deal to file newspaper accounts for the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, he stopped first for a tournament in Houston, arriving late one February night in 1957 after 40 hours in the air. Until then his impressions of Texas were derived mainly from American movies. Australia had no television.

"Texas to me meant cowboys and Indians and shoot-'em-up, and here I am by myself, don't know a soul, and when the taxi brings me into town the streets are jammed with covered wagons and cowboys firing six-guns and raising Cain. I was wide-eyed with terror.

"The next morning I came down to breakfast at the hotel, and the waitress acted very suspicious. I knew what I wanted, I could see it on the wall menu, but I couldn't get it across. She seemed very hostile. All I could think of was those movies and what Texans did to strangers. Nine out of 10 they lynched. So help me, I was afraid I'd wind up getting lynched. For three days I stayed in my room, except to eat. I shoved a chair and chest of drawers against the door.

"Well, Jack Fleck explained the whole thing when we finally went out to the course Thursday. It was Stock Show Week in Houston, and they always do it up big."

In that first tournament Crampton shot an even-par 288, finishing 13th and winning $693. He had earned $520 for winning the Australian Open. There began for him then an appreciation for things American that grew virtually into a form of patriotism. "I wish every U.S. citizen had the chance to see the places I've seen," he said. "Nothing is better, nothing is as good."

Soon after Houston he went to Augusta to worship at the temple of American golf. "I'd never seen anything like it. I'd never been treated so well. I won $729 and I loved every minute." Then, alas, to Glasgow, Scotland and a headlong dive into trouble.

The stark contrast of what he had experienced at the Masters in Augusta and what he saw in Scotland hit him like a fist. The pros were not allowed on the Glasgow Golf Club premises during the weekend. He was told he could not even drop off his clubs. Once the tournament began, there was no parking on the grounds for the golfers, and they were barred from eating in the clubhouse. When it rained he ate lunch under a leaking tent and squished around in the mud. His file to the *Daily Telegraph* gave all the poignant comparisons. The next day his picture was on the front page of the

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London newspapers, column-to-column with Princess Margaret. "And you know which one was the villain."

The waitress in the coffee shop came to take away his plate, which Crampton had barely touched, and he smiled and thanked her and looked down at his startlingly large-fingered calloused hands.

"I told the truth, that's all. I was being honest, the way I was taught. And suddenly I was the worst s.o.b. in the world, even in the papers back home. I'd knocked Scottish golf, a sacred thing. And after that I really *was* scared. No matter what I do, I'm going to be wrong. And the more scared I got, the more tense I got. The more self-conscious I got. And the more defensive."

He retreated deeper into the cave that was his golf and became, on the tour, a lonely mercenary, trekking from tournament to tournament. At one point Crampton played in 37 consecutive events (so many that he got to be known as the Iron Man) and when he won his first, the Milwaukee Open in 1961, it was on his 80th try. And the heat he generated and the criticism that gathered around him were immense.

"Being defensive, I had a hard time giving myself to the fans," he said. "As a result, I interpreted their feelings as hostile. They were reacting to me, to my lack of affection. Instead of telling a gallery, 'Please, you wouldn't mind moving back a bit, would you?' I'd just say, 'Move back.' Or worse."

His wars with the press, he said, were mostly cold ones. "I was taught to respect my elders, be quiet unless spoken to. The writers who criticized me were older men. I didn't talk back, and at times I didn't talk at all."

More often than not, however, he would say just enough. In Charlotte one year he made an unfavorable comparison about the Memphis course. The remark (something about "day and night") jumped out at him from the newsprint the next day. It also jumped out at the Memphis tournament chairman, who wrote a strong letter of complaint to Joe Dey suggesting "Mr. Crampton play his golf elsewhere."

"I eventually got it straightened out, but the fault was with me. I am so much of a perfectionist that I can't stand imperfection of any kind. I can't stand incompetence. And for that matter I can't stand failure. Especially my own. That's why this marriage thing has become such a big thing with me. I don't want to fail at it."

Socially, he said, he knew he had been backward. It was not his way to "force" friendships. He would rather be alone. "Mum and Dad always liked their privacy, and I guess I'm the same."

But he said if he had been socially inept, it was also true that Gary Player "never bought me dinner." And if he snapped at other golfers, he had at least been indiscriminate. Sometimes his clashes passed unnoticed, sometimes they were with Arnold Palmer. It still irritated him that Palmer "never gave me the opportunity to putt out, never told me I had a nice round." These things, he said, weighed on him.

His luncheon companion said it seemed almost a landmark in human relations that, with all the antagonists he had cultivated, Crampton never went home with a bloody nose.

"It's not my nature," he said. "I've never been in a fistfight in my life. I fight with words, that's the only way to fix anything, to correct anything. I *like* being told when I'm wrong, so I guess I haven't hesitated to tell others. But I wouldn't fight. If I were challenged, I'd put my tail between my legs."

That particular posture came close to being tested two years ago at the Colonial Invitation in Fort Worth. The incident marks the low point in Crampton's relationship with his fellow pros, and caused him his greatest despair. After the cards were signed Crampton called a penalty that resulted in the disqualification of South African Harold Henning. The pros who were critical did not object to the ruling as much as they objected to Crampton.

Crampton said his side was never told—the principals were ordered silenced by the tournament rules committee—and that, like many of the debacles in his life, he was "terribly misunderstood."

The way it happened, he said, was that on the Friday of the tournament, playing in a threesome with Bob Lunn, Henning duck-hooked his tee shot on the 18th hole. The ball hit a tree and bounded into a hazard, a gully that ran beside a small bridge. The gully was marked with stakes and a yellow line. Crampton was on the bridge with his banker friend from Dallas, Joe Denton, and "about 20 other fans," 10 paces from Henning's ball; Lunn was already down the fairway. When Henning went into the hazard and addressed the ball, he grounded his club.

"I got such a shock seeing him do it I could hardly get my words out, and what I did say was a poor choice of words. I said, 'Harold, don't ground it, you're in the hazard!' What I should have said was, 'Harold, do you realize what you just did?' I should have left no room for doubt. I still expected him to say, 'You're right, but I've already grounded the bloody thing.' He didn't say anything, just pulled back and looked around.

"As we were moving up the fairway, I asked my caddie, Walter Montgomery, 'What the hell do I do now?' He said, 'Man, you have no choice. You've got to put two shots on him.' So when I got up to Lunn I told him what had happened. Lunn was Harold's marker. On the green when I was getting ready to putt, I noticed Bob and Harold talking. I don't know what they said but I understand Lunn asked Henning if he'd grounded his club, and Henning said he didn't think so."

When Crampton finally got to the scorer's table Henning was already gone, but he had signed his card. Crampton glanced at it. Henning had not assessed himself the two-stroke penalty.

"Now I was really worried. I must have looked it because Terry Dill was there and he said, 'You look like you're in another world.' I was. My thoughts were back on that bridge. Twenty people or more saw what I saw. That meant my whole profession was in jeopardy.

"What if one of them goes to Joe Dey and says, 'Don't these fellows play by the rules? Crampton saw Henning ground his club.' Or what if one of them was a judge? What happens then? Right away people think, 'There they are, two foreigners sticking together.'

"Well, I had no choice, not in my own mind. I believe in the rules. I know exactly what my father would have done, no matter how much it might hurt."

Crampton called the penalty on Henning. A hearing before the three-man rules committee was held. Witnesses were called. Henning was disqualified for signing an incorrect card.

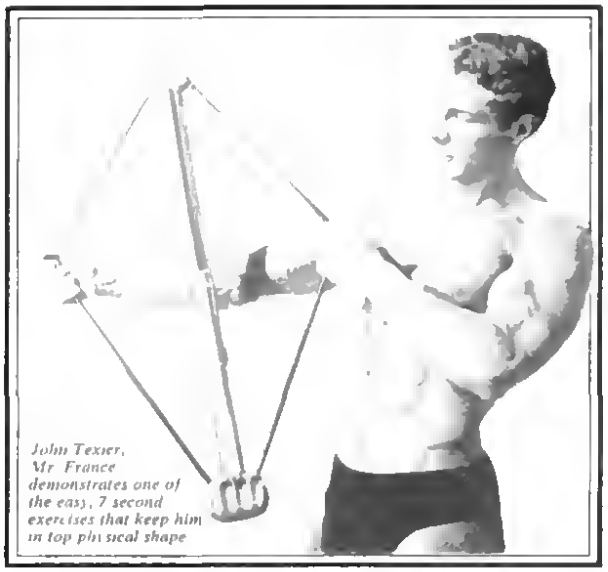
"Thirty minutes afterward, outside the clubhouse, I saw Harold standing with his wife. At first, I hesitated. I wanted to say something like, 'Harold, please don't think there was anything personal in this.' As soon as she saw me, his wife walked away. Harold turned on me and

continued

WHEN WERE YOU LAST REALLY FIT?

AN EXPERT TELLS YOU HOW TO GET BACK IN SHAPE.

Even if you're not particularly interested in building heman muscles, you owe it to yourself to keep your body fit. It's a sad fact of today's life that many men ignore this point and end up regretting it when they find they've become "old men" long before their time. Thanks to modern exercising techniques, "keeping fit" is now easier than ever. John Texier, Mr. France and leading fitness specialist tells you how.



John Texier, Mr France demonstrates one of the easy, 7 second exercises that keep him in top physical shape

Q. *What does fitness mean?*

A. For normally healthy people, fitness is a simple matter of maintaining muscle tone through exercise. In other words—using your muscles often enough and hard enough to keep them healthy and trim.

Q. *How does lack of fitness show up?*

A. The answer depends on how old you are. If you're still in your teens or early twenties it's largely a matter of physical development. Young men with pipestem arms, caved-in chests, drooping shoulders or bird like legs aren't fit. When you're a little older the first signs are usually a roll of fat around the middle and a lack of pep and energy. After 40, the whole body tends to become flabby.

Q. *Can sports keep me fit?*

A. Yes, indeed, if practiced regularly and for long enough periods. Swimming, jogging, gymnastics, tennis, handball, squash, skiing can all help keep you in top condition provided you practice the sport for at least an hour three or four days a week—*every week.*

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes, there's an outstanding home training method which I use and recommend. It's fast, easy and guaranteed to give results.

Q. *What's it called?*

A. Bullworker training. It's based on Isometric techniques which have been proven to increase strength three times faster than sports or conventional calisthenics. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system on the market today.

Q. *How long does it take?*

A. The 7-exercise introductory program requires only 70 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training program takes about 5 minutes.

Q. *When do the results start?*

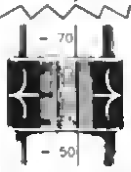
A. Right from the very first day. The Bullworker is fitted with a built-in measuring device which shows you exactly how much progress you make every day. And the results can be very impressive—up to 4% more strength per week, up to 50% improvement in the first three months. I've seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength.

Q. *How long does it take to see visible results?*

A. From 10 days to three weeks depending on how well you train and how regularly. Each new week brings even more impressive results.

Built-in Powermeter

You can actually *measure* your musclepower g-r-o-w-i-n-g from the very first day



Q. *But it's hard work, isn't it?*

A. Not at all. The whole point of Isometrics is that by "exercising" for only 7 seconds at a time, you avoid the excess muscle strain and fatigue of "crash" training programs which often do more harm than good. Bullworker training is gauged to each user's personal potential.

Q. *Is there an age limit?*

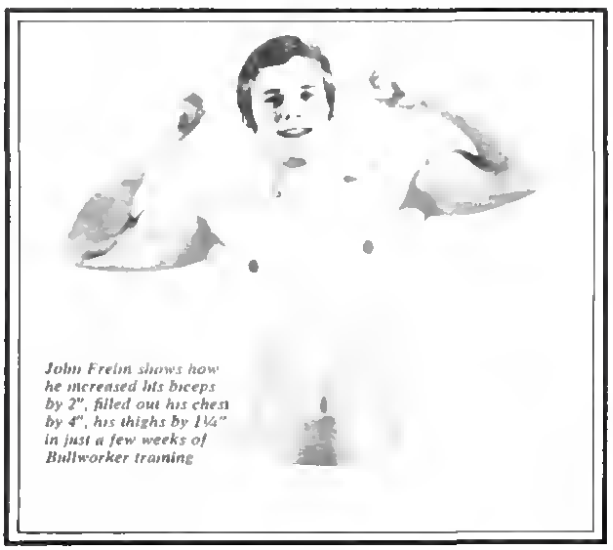
A. Generally speaking, men between 15 and 65 in good general health can expect to benefit from fitness and strength building training. Young men should use Bullworker to improve their muscular development: broad, powerful shoulders—rippling biceps—a deep, manly chest tapering down to a slim waist and hips supported by muscular, contoured thighs and calves.

Men in their thirties should use Bullworker to maintain peak physical form and for toning-up the muscles of their abdomen, chest, shoulders and upper arms. After 2 or 3 weeks you'll probably see muscles you didn't even know you had.

From 45 on, Bullworker should be used to regain and maintain a youthful vigorous body that belies the passing years. I've seen lots of Bullworker users in their fifties with more energy, power, and vigor than many younger men.

Q. *How can I find out more about the Bullworker and perhaps actually try it out?*

A. I understand that the American distributor is now offering the Bullworker on a two-week free home trial basis in order to give as many men as possible a chance to prove to themselves what an outstanding fitness trainer it is. If you're interested in getting back into shape fast, I recommend you contact the distributor for full details.



John Freim shows how he increased his biceps by 2", filled out his chest by 4", his thighs by 1¼" in just a few weeks of Bullworker training

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We think that buying gasoline is one of the dullest things you can do with your money. Save real, countable dollars with a new Datsun 1200! Drive a Datsun...then decide.



DATSUN SAVES

said, 'I'll tell you one bloody thing, I'm going to nail you if it's the last thing I do.' I felt I had to report that, too, which I did. I wanted it on the record.

"The next day some of the players tried to get a court injunction to stop the tournament. Some of them had evidently called Joe Dey. A special meeting was called in the tournament director's office, but the committee stuck by its ruling.

"The fans booed and hissed and honked their horns at me the rest of the week. I understand a lot of the players were mad as hell. But some of them eventually came around to tell me I'd done the right thing. Bob Goalby was one of them. If I had it to do again, I'd do the same thing, but I'd hope to choose my words a little better."

With a little more affection?

"I guess you'd say that," Crampton said, and smiled.

"But it's always been a two-way street," he said. "I'd disqualify myself if the situation came up. I've done it."

In 1966 at an Indianapolis tournament a continuous-putting rule was in effect, but it was not until he was on the tee for the third round that Crampton found out.

"A PGA official said, 'Don't forget the continuous-putting rule is in effect, fellows.' I said, 'Why are we changing the rules in the middle of the tournament?' He said, 'It's been that way since the first day.' I said, 'If that's the case, I'm disqualified,' and I walked off the course. I'd expect anyone else to do the same."

In the days and weeks that followed the Miami tournament, the newly affectionate Bruce Crampton was like a sinner reborn. A warmer light seemed to gather around him. He was "continually amazed" by the responses he got. His effort (the "Big A," he called it) was almost unanimously rewarded: drugstore clerks returned his friendly greetings, fans laughed at his jokes, writers dispatched flattering reports. "It's amazing," he said.

At Orlando, a woman following the pro-am in a golf cart remarked, within earshot, "Isn't he delightful today!" On the next hole a young man in a T shirt asked him, "Will opening this beer can bother you?" Crampton replied, "What are you, a Palmer fan?" But he smiled when he said it. In the tournaments that followed he dispensed his instructions with careful politeness, and the boos and the "Miss it!" cries that had come to be the litany of his galleries were noticeably absent.

At home in Dallas he practiced on Joan, "showing her affection by being more considerate, more understanding." Joan seemed less strained in his presence. She said he "can do almost anything when he puts his mind to it."

Within himself Crampton was convinced he had "turned the corner." It had been three months, and good things were happening. He felt he could, realistically, now concentrate on his one remaining goal, to win a major title, a U.S. Open, a Masters, a PGA, a British Open. "If it is meant to happen, it'll happen," he said. "Meanwhile, I'm letting the Big A take over."

At the Byron Nelson tournament in Dallas he played the third round on Saturday with Palmer. Joe Denton was there. He said the two talked and laughed throughout the round, "a very nice sight." Crampton said he had "never had such a congenial round with Arnold." Palmer told him he was doing "a great job." A television reporter who had known Bruce for years said, "I always knew he was a nice guy."

But it would be unwise to judge dramatic conversions too quickly, Denton said. "He's doing better but he has a long way to go. He feels he can flip a page and people will forget. People don't forget. After a bad round, when some guy wants his autograph, he's going to have to bite his lip and sign it. People at the bank know him and excuse some of the things he does, but out there on the course nobody has to excuse him. And those are the people who buy the clubs he endorses and pay their way into the tournaments. Those are the ones he has to please."

At a luncheon table in Orlando, Jerry McGee and Tom Lewis, the chief marshal of the tournament there, were discussing the new Crampton when Gardner Dickinson joined them. Lewis had called Crampton "a warm, sensitive man, the most honest I've ever known," and McGee had said, "I think you're going to see a big change in him."

And Gardner Dickinson said, "If you're talking about who I think you're talking about, maybe I shouldn't open my mouth."

"Why not?"

"Because you're asking a leopard to change its spots. That's a tall order."

"All right," said McGee. "What does he have to do?"

"Act like a human being. On *and* off the course. He's winning now. It's easy to act in a socially acceptable manner when you're winning. I'll reserve my judgment until he loses a few, the kind that *really* hurt. It happens. We all lose. Let's see what he does then."

But in the meantime Crampton was indeed winning (in May he added the Houston Open to his titles) and continued to amaze. A slightly bewildered John Montgomery said, "Every time I see Crampton these days he's smiling and being nice as pie. What's going on?"

Then at Fort Worth last month, in the exact same hazard where he called the penalty on Henning three years before (an irony he could not help noting), Crampton "lost one that really hurt." Leading the Colonial by a stroke, one hole away from another back-to-back tournament triumph, Crampton broke his sand wedge on one of the steel-reinforced concrete blocks that were strewn through the gully. Without the sand wedge he had to come out of a trap beside the 18th green with his pitching wedge, and he hit it short. His double bogey cost him the tournament.

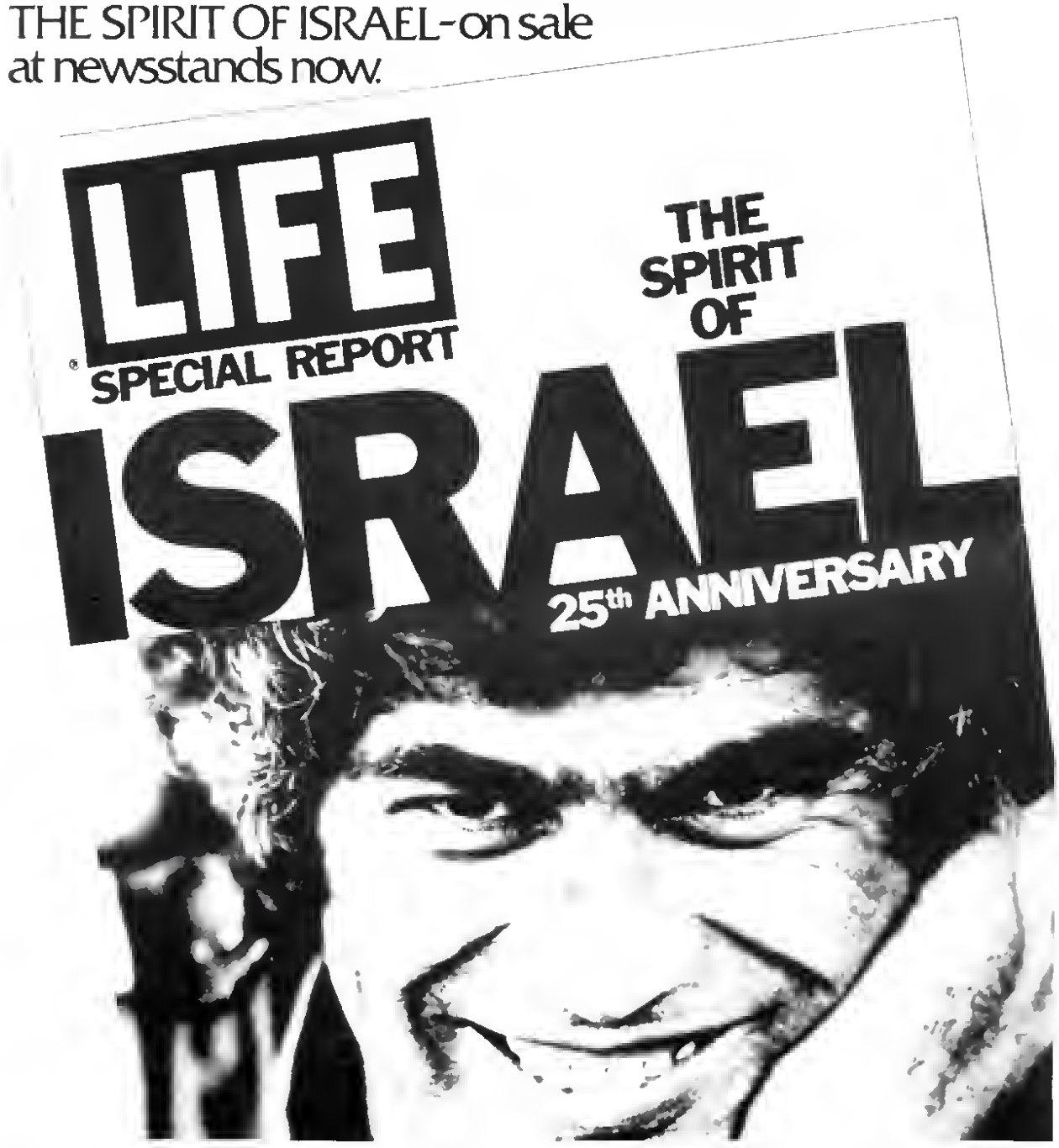
What Crampton did not do then was sulk and blue the air with alibis. What he did not do in his disappointment was snub the winner and complain bitterly about the unfairness of the final hole. He warmly congratulated Tom Weiskopf. He called the hole "a beautiful one. The lake is named after me, you know. I hit one in there in 1962 that cost me the tournament then, too. Have you seen the plaque?"

And what Crampton did not do was point out that on the fateful shot out of the hazard he could easily have given himself a large break. His normal stance put him within a couple inches of a steel rod near his left foot. An official who was right there said if Crampton had stretched his stance slightly a rod would have been jabbing his leg and he could have gotten a free drop in a flat grassy area in the hazard.

When told later he should have done exactly that, Crampton said, "Oh, no, I couldn't. That would have been dishonest. I still have to look at myself in the mirror every morning."

Perhaps he really hasn't changed so much. **END**

How do you mark the Silver Anniversary of one of the world's oldest emerging nations? This way-in 92 pages of stirring text and photography that's a military history, social biography, and political portrait all in one. Who's publishing it? Life Special Reports-a new Time Inc. group formed to create single-subject "documentaries" on people, places and events in the news.
THE SPIRIT OF ISRAEL-on sale at newsstands now.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 5-11

ROATING—Driving a 36-foot Cigarette, WILEIE MEYERS won the Bahamas 500 Ocean Race in 9 hours, 21 minutes for the 517-mile course. In choppy seas with swells of 10 feet, Meyers' time was two hours slower than the race record.

BOWLING—Munster, Ind. righthander DON McCUNE captured his third PBA tour victory of the season, taking the $55,000 Winston-Salem tournament in Downey, Calif. He outrolled top-seeded Roy Buckley of Columbus, Ohio 212–204 in the final game for the $6,000 first prize. The win boosted McCune's tour-high earnings to $45,965.

GOLF—DICK SIDEROWF, of Westport, Conn. became the 16th American to win the British Amateur championship, beating Peter Moody of England 5 and 3 in their 36-hole final in Porthcawl, Wales.

Pro circuit veteran MARY MILLS won her first tour victory since 1970 with a three-under-par 70 in the final round of the $35,000 LPGA Championship in Sutton, Mass. She finished with 288, one stroke better than another long-time pro, Betty Burfeindt.

TOM WEISKOPF finished with a one-under-par 71 to win the IVB-Philadelphia Classic and the $30,045 first prize, beating Jim Barber by four strokes. It was Weiskopf's third tournament victory in five weeks.

WOFFORD COLLEGE captured the NAIA title by 14 strokes over Campbell College, in the rain-shortened event in Graniling, S.C. St. Bernard's MIKE ZACK and Campbell's JAY OVERTON tied for individual medalist honors with three-round totals of 213.

HARNESS RACING—GAY SKIPPER *($13.80)*, driven by Jack Ackerman, won the $81,000 American-National Stake for 3-year-old pacers by 2¼ lengths over Racing Knight at Sportsman's Park in Chicago.

HOCKEY—BOBBY HULL, player-coach of the Winnipeg Jets, became the first professional hockey player to score 50 goals and win MVP titles in both leagues as the WHA writers and broadcasters selected him Most Valuable Player for 1973. JACK KELLEY of the champion New England Whalers was named Coach of the Year, and his 24-year-old center, TERRY CAFFERY, Rookie of the Year. JEAN-CLAUDE TREMBLAY of the Quebec Nordiques, who had a league-high 75 assists, received outstanding defenseman honors.

HORSE RACING—Penny Tweedy's SECRETARIAT took the Belmont Stakes and the Triple Crown *(page 14)*.

LACROSSE—NCAA champion MARYLAND dominated the U.S. Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association's All-America squad with 12 players named to the 46-man team. Midfielders DOUG SCHREIBER and FRANK URSO headed the Terrapin roster. JOHNS HOPKINS, with six men on the squad, placed 1972 All-Americas RICK KOWALCHUK, JACK THOMAS and LES MATTHEWS on the first team. RUTGERS' Defenseman ED HAUGEVIK was also a repeat from last season.

TOM DUQUETTE of Virginia, named to the first team after earning honorable mention, third and second team recognition the past three years, led the SOUTH stars to a 14–12 overtime win over the North in the 32nd annual All-Star game in Princeton, N.J.

MOTORCYCLING—Britain's TONY RUTTER, on a Yamaha, won the 350-cc International Junior Tourist Trophy race, in Douglas, Isle of Man, averaging 101.99 mph.

MOTOR SPORTS—An all-French effort—French drivers in a French car—won the 24 Hours of Le Mans. 1972 winner HENRI PESCAROLO and GERARD LARROUSSE, in a Matra-Simca, covered 3,009 miles, averaging 125.3 mph and out-distancing the Ferrari driven by Italian Arturo Merzario and Brazilian Carlos Pace by 43.8 miles. Only 21 of 55 starters completed the event.

Surviving two rolls and an end-over-end flip, PARNELLI JONES, in a Bronco, won the Baja 500, scrambling over the 610 miles in 12:18.

RICHARD PETTY drove his Dodge to a $13,000 win over Buddy Baker in the $92,000 Alamo 500 at Texas World Speedway in College Station. Despite five yellow caution flags, the four-time NASCAR champion averaged *145.114* mph.

BOBBY UNSER drove his Eagle-Offenhauser to victory in the Rex Mays Memorial 150 in Milwaukee, averaging 108.008 mph over the one-mile track. He finished 16 seconds ahead of Roger McCluskey in the event for Indianapolis-type cars.

In the opener of the 1973 Can-Am Challenge Cup at Mosport Park, Ontario, CHARLIE KEMP of Jackson, Miss. captured the $15,000 first prize in a Porsche. Hans Wiedmer of Hermosa Beach, Calif., also in a Porsche, finished second.

TENNIS—ILIE NASTASE of Rumania won the rain-delayed French Open, beating Nikki Pilic of Yugoslavia 6–3, 6–3, 6–0 and collecting the $15,500 first prize.

ILIE NASTASE then demolished Spain's Manuel Orantes 6–1, 6–1, 6–1 in the $134,000 Italian Open in Rome. For the first time in four tournaments, EVONNE GOOLAGONG downed Chris Evert 7–6, 6–0 and won the women's crown. JOHN NEWCOMBE and TOM OKKER defeated Australia's Geoff Masters and Ross Case 6–3, 6–2, 6–4 for the men's doubles, and VIRGINIA WADE and OLGA MOROZOVA took the women's title.

TRACK & FIELD—Eight meet records fell at the 52nd NCAA outdoor championships in Baton Rouge, La. *(page 65)*. Among the standouts were STEVE PREFONTAINE with a 13:05.3 in the three mile, ROD MILBURN with a 13.1 in the 120-yard hurdles and DAVE WOTTLE with a 3:57.1 in the mile—a race in which eight men bettered four minutes.

East Germany's RENATE STECHER became the first woman to break the 11-second barrier for 100 meters, winning the event in Ostrava, Czechoslovakia in 10.9.

MILEPOSTS—GRANTED: By the NCAA in football, university status to DRAKE, FRESNO STATE, FURMAN, LAMAR and SOUTHERN ILLINOIS, bringing the total number of major-college teams to 126.

NAMED: The newest NHL franchise, in Kansas City: the SCOUTS.

RESIGNED: As coach of the NBA Capital Bullets, GENE SHUE, 41, "to look into other things." Since 1967 Shue had compiled a 305-283 record and brought Baltimore four divisional titles.

RETIRED: Florida A&M Athletic Director JAKE GAITHER, 70, effective Aug. 31. As head football coach through 25 seasons, Gaither compiled a 203-36-4 record before becoming athletic director in 1969.

SIGNED: By the Houston Aeros of the WHA, MARTY and MARK HOWE, sons of retired NHL great GORDIE HOWE, who is also negotiating for a playing spot with the Aeros himself *(page 59)*.

SIGNED: To a two-year contract with the San Diego Chargers reportedly bringing him $500,000, JOHN UNITAS, 40, former star quarterback for the Baltimore Colts.

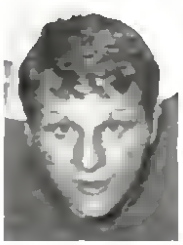
SOLD: Pending the approval of other ABA owners, the MEMPHIS TAMS, by Charles O. Finley, to a group of Providence, R.I. businessmen for a reported $1.8 million.

TRADED: After 11 NFL seasons and five months of negotiations, Quarterback ROMAN GABRIEL, 32, from the Los Angeles Rams to the Philadelphia Eagles, for two players and three high draft choices. Gabriel had his worst season last year since he became a regular in 1966, finishing 17th among the league's 27 ranking passers.

CREDITS

5—Robert W. Taylor. **16, 17**—Neil Leifer, left Jerry Cooke. 19—Neil Leifer. 20—Fred Kaplan-Black Star. **36, 37**—John Iacono. **48**—Jerry Cobluck. **59**—Tony Wan. **65**—Rich Clarkson. **70, 71**—Lane Stewart. **72, 73**—Jerry Cobluck. **83**—Jeff Johnson, Arman G. Hotson-Hartford Courant.

FACES IN THE CROWD



RON KLAWITTER, a senior defenseman at Wittenberg University in Springfield, Ohio, became a two-sport All-America this year as he led his lacrosse team to a 7-3 record, its best mark ever. Last fall he made All-America as a linebacker for Wittenberg's football team.



FRAN SICHTING, 19, of Southwestern Oregon Community College, was a regular scorer in track meets for the men's team. Her best times this season were 10.3 in the 100 and 23.2 in the 220. She broke Wilma Rudolph's California Relays 100 record with a 10.5.



KEN CARNINE, 65, a Sacramento school administrator, broke four 65-69 age-group track records in two meets. He turned in times of *12.3 for the 100*-yard dash, 30 seconds flat for the 220, threw the one-kilo discus 138' and tossed the high school weight discus 108' 1".



MIKE FLANAGAN, a sophomore pitcher at the University of Massachusetts, hurled a one-hitter, a pair of two-hitters, and a three-hit game in compiling a 9-1 record this season. An outfielder when not pitching, he hit .338 in 26 games, as U. Mass. finished 21-9-1.



PABLO FRANCO, a senior at Hartford (Conn.) Public High, set two meet records in an area track event, his 9.4 *in the 100* was one-tenth of a second off the national prep record. He won the 220 in 21.2 after earlier in the season equaling the national mark with a 20.9.



SARAH SINGER, a junior at Union-Endicott (N.Y.) High School, swept five events to win the Section IV State Public High School Gymnastics championship. She set meet records in all the events but floor exercise, leading her team to a 12-0 record for the season.

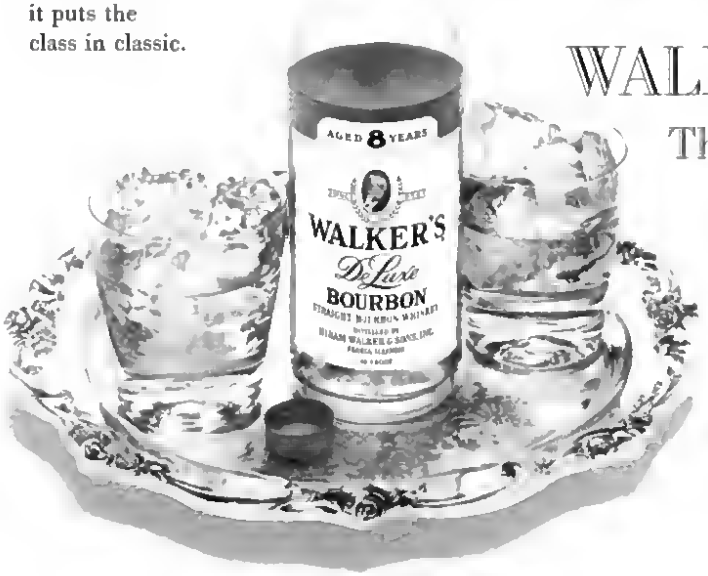
THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8

(It put the class in classic)



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the 1929 Stutz Four-Passenger Speedster with 115 hp. engine and racer-styled coachwork by LeBaron.

The Whiskey:
the elegant straight-8 bourbon by Hiram Walker himself. Aged 8 years in the oak, it puts the class in classic.



WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8

©1972 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

Good news who take their

Introducing the "No Unhappy Vacations Plan."

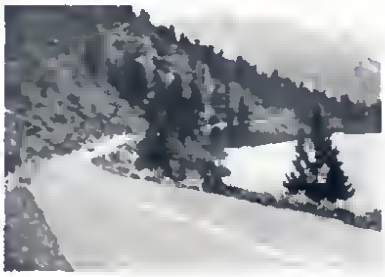
From Ford and its insurance subsidiary, The American Road Insurance Company.

Any car can give you unexpected trouble on vacation. But if you own a Ford, Mercury or Lincoln, there's a Plan to help see you through it. It's for those of you who live in the Greater Chicago area (Illinois and Indiana residents only). There are two parts to the Plan.

Here's the insurance part from The American Road Insurance Company.

Money back on repair bills if your car breaks down. If you're driving on vacation anywhere in the United States, Canada or Mexico, and your car breaks down in normal service due to mechanical failure, leaving it inoperable or illegal to drive, the Plan can help.

Ford's insurance subsidiary, The American Road Insurance Company, offers a policy which will reimburse you for 75% (with a maximum of $225) of repair bills from $1 to $300. The company will do its darndest to have your money to you within 21 days of receiving your paid receipts.



Money back on non-repair bills, too. If your car leaves you stranded, you'll also be reimbursed for reasonable expenses for food, motel, car rental, towing and road service used for the benefit of the car owner and members of his household traveling in the car.

The policy provides for 75% reimbursement (with a maximum of $225) of these kinds of unexpected expenses on bills up to $300 caused by vehicle breakdown in normal service or because of a collision.

You get 30-day coverage. The policy covers you on vacation for any 30 days between May 15 and September 30, 1973. You can choose any 30 consecutive days or two different 15-day periods.

It's quite a value at $15. Particularly since the Plan includes vehicle repair and personal inconvenience protection which, as far as we know, you just can't get anywhere else. This coverage is underwritten by The American Road Insurance Company and isn't reinsured by Ford Motor Company.

Here's the second part of the Plan from Ford.

Some useful extras. When you buy the insurance policy, you'll also

for families car on vacation.

receive from Ford: the 248-page Ford Vacation Guide covering 61 of the most popular vacation areas in the United States, an up-to-date Rand McNally Road Atlas in a good-looking vinyl case and a practical vinyl tote bag. These travel accessories should make it easier for you to have a happy vacation.

It's easy to enroll. First, you have to own a 1968 or newer Ford, Mercury or Lincoln car or Ford light truck in reasonably good operating condition.

Just drive it into a participating Greater Chicago Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealership, and pick up an enrollment form in either the sales or service area. You mail the form in with $15. That's all there is to it.

If you want more information, there's a brochure available at these dealerships.

The "No Unhappy Vacations Plan."
It's another step toward our goal: No unhappy owners.

Results to date are encouraging. On September 13, 1972, Ford Motor Company and over 6,000 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers committed themselves to this "No Unhappy Owners" goal.

These dealers have been asking their customers to grade their service on a report card. So far 583,000 cards have been returned. And 95% say that the owners are satisfied with the service work done on their cars. That's real progress. We're working on that other 5%.

Another good sign. Our car owners are taking us up on the invitation to see their dealer if they're unhappy with their Ford, Mercury or Lincoln.

A service quality guarantee. Over 6,000 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers guarantee their service work for 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first. If their repair or replacement fails in normal service within that period, they'll fix it free. Parts and labor. This service quality guarantee is in addition to the new car and light truck warranty.

You can charge repairs on 5 major credit cards. We know that you don't want to use up your traveling money for unexpected repairs. Most of these Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers nationwide will accept your Master Charge, Bank-Americard, American Express, Carte Blanche or Diners Club credit cards. For repairs, car rental, whatever.

A toll-free service information line. It's a new 24-hour service to help you while you're on the road. You can get information about the nearest Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealership, in most areas where to go for towing if you're too far from a dealer, even where to stay in an emergency. Simply call 800-648-4848.

If you're one of our car owners, all of this is something to think about. If you're not, it's really something to think about.

Our goal: No unhappy owners.

Ford

...has a better idea (we listen better)

"Continental Bank understands the meaning of expansion the way a growth-minded businessman wants it understood."

"I like to do business on a person to person level. I want to be able to communicate with the person across the desk from me. There's a reserve among bankers. I'm not saying it's wrong, but for me personally, I want to do business with somebody who is sensitive to my needs and is interested in what I want to accomplish.

"I found that kind of banker when I met Phil Lewin, and once again later when I met Fred Florjancie, both of Continental Bank's Commercial Banking Department. It's unusual to meet a banker who talks with you just like one businessman to another." The speaker: Stanley Nathanson, President, Republic Lumber Company.

"First time Phil and I met I was surprised how well we related to each other. Here was somebody who understood me and my business. He wanted to help. Second time we met, I let him. Continental Bank and Republic Lumber have been together ever since.

"When we were in the process of expanding, we sat down together with the people at Continental and mapped out a strategy. A detailed plan for successful growth. Since then we have been able to open and operate profitably two additional major retail outlets in the home improvement field.

"If I had to advise another businessman on choosing a bank, I'd tell him to pick one that understood the meaning of 'expansion' the way a growth-minded businessman wants it understood. Then I'd tell him to pick Continental Bank."

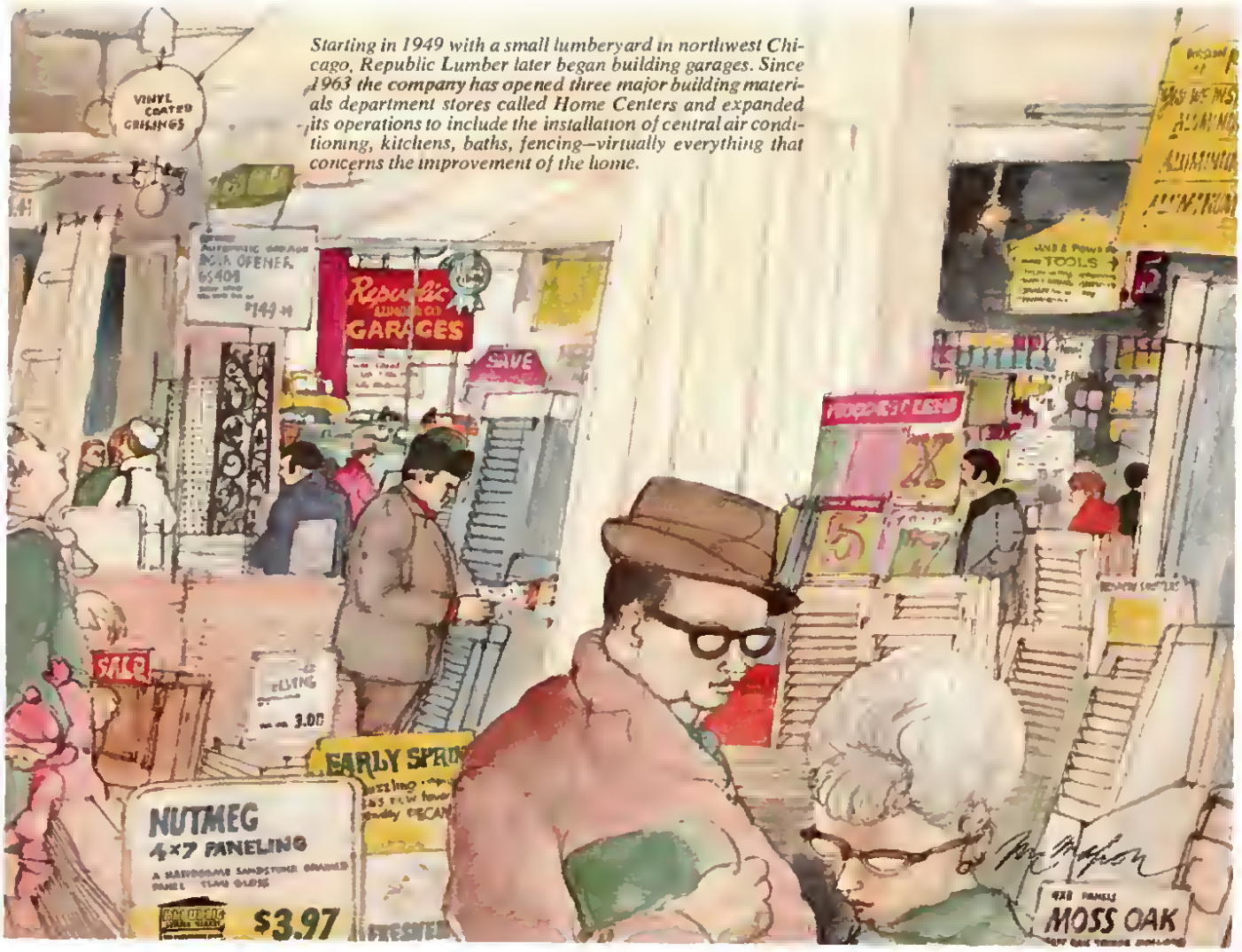
If you are interested in the kind of banking relationship that Mr. Nathanson describes, call Phil Lewin, Vice President, business development specialist at 312-828-3727. He'll show you what Continental Bank can do for a business like yours.

CONTINENTAL BANK

CONTINENTAL ILLINOIS NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

231 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET CHICAGO ILLINOIS 60693

Starting in 1949 with a small lumberyard in northwest Chicago, Republic Lumber later began building garages. Since 1963 the company has opened three major building materials department stores called Home Centers and expanded its operations to include the installation of central air conditioning, kitchens, baths, fencing—virtually everything that concerns the improvement of the home.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WOOD WORK

Sirs

That was good timing, featuring Wilbur Wood in the lead story (*Wilbur's Knuckler Is Alive and Swell*) and on the cover of your June 4 issue just as he completed his mini-iron-man feat of winning two games on Memorial Day. Woody is the most valuable pitcher in baseball. He can pitch twice a week all season long.

Behind Woody's flutter ball and the booming bats of Dick Allen, Bill Melton (the best third baseman in the majors) and Carlos May, the Sox look like the best in the strong American League West. Sox fans feel that this team is a good bet to be home free in '73.

BILL BIRK

Tinley Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Ron Fimrite's story dealing with the "tantalizing, hypnotizing, untouchable" knuckleball was highly informative. As was pointed out, when Wilbur Wood's pitch is working he is unbeatable. However, pitching against the Milwaukee Brewers on June 1 Wood was rocked for 11 hits and five earned runs in just five innings. This shows that when the knuckleball is not doing its stuff, the batters can get good "Wood" on the ball.

RICHARD J. RICCI

San Diego

Sirs:

My thanks to Ron Fimrite. In my opinion, there is no other pitcher who so consistently displays such brilliance, radiance and precision as Wilbur Wood does on the mound. He is no doubt the most fascinating, most effective pitcher in the game today.

LISA CASTAGNA

Kings Park, N.Y.

CALIFORNIA'S GAME

Sirs:

Thank you for your article on the NCAA volleyball finals (*Ringing Bells and Spiking Dreams*, June 4). It is through exposure like this that interest can be cultivated on a national level. It can only help, come Olympics time, for more people to be aware of, and to be playing, volleyball. The United States will become more representative on a world scale.

You didn't mention that four of San Diego's six starters played together in their younger days at Palisades High School. Milo Bekins, Chris Marlowe, Randy Stevenson and Wayne Gracey were all on the first high school team ever to compete in the AAU nationals.

Also, as a result of their recent successes, Duncan McFarland, Randy Stevenson and Chris Marlowe have been named to the all-tournament volleyball team for 1973.

RICHARD HIRSCH

Los Angeles

Sirs:

With one exception I thoroughly enjoyed Barry McDermott's coverage of the NCAA volleyball finals. Unfortunately, his comments about the Army team faring badly because of class and transportation difficulties could be somewhat misleading for readers who are not aware that Army playing San Diego State in volleyball is somewhat comparable to a local high school team playing the Knicks in basketball.

It's the same game but the skill levels are miles apart, and while I certainly applaud the Cadets and their sponsors for their participation, Eastern collegiate volleyball is not now and never will be in the same league with the *California* colleges—*unless* (and this is extremely remote) Eastern athletic directors realize that this inexpensive, competitive, skillful international sport should be established on a par with other sports.

BOB O'NEAL

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sirs:

After reading your article I could not help but feel slighted. For three pages Barry McDermott wrote about nothing but the men's NCAA volleyball championships. Compare this coverage to that given the women's AIAW national volleyball championships. We never even got mentioned in your magazine, so I would like to inform you of the outcome. The tournament was held at Brigham Young University in January. The favored team was Long Beach State (Yes, Long Beach also has a women's team). Our team played the entire season undefeated and won the national tournament without losing a single game, stretching its record to 31 match victories against no defeats.

I may be a biased reader, but I think that any team that wins 31 games in a row en route to a national title deserves some recognition, whether it is a men's or a women's team.

JEANINE PRINDLE
Member, 1973 Long Beach State
Volleyball Team

Downey, Calif.

ANOTHER KIND OF BIGOTRY (CONT.)

Sirs:

If a finger of blame must be pointed at anyone for the lack of women's varsity athletic competition (*Women in Sport*, May 28 *et seq.*), let it be pointed at the gals who for at least the past 25 years have dictated that such competition was taboo for their sex. Play days, mixers, informal competition have been the order of the day for our girls. Serious competition and varsity teams have not been acceptable to the women in charge of physical education. The stress of competition simply was not good for that "other half" of our student bodies.

Finally things are beginning to change, and with that change must come money, expanded facilities, etc. But they might not come in the hurry that the new-breed women directors want, for one cannot brush aside 25 years of negative thinking just like that.

I personally never have heard a boys' coach indicate a negative feeling concerning girls' varsity activities. We just never understood why they didn't have such a program. But I have heard words and words and read page after page from the women themselves as to why such activities should be eliminated from a girls' program. Women have been getting a raw deal from the women.

FRED HEINLEN
Coach
Varsity Basketball and Baseball
Shaker Heights High School
Cleveland

Sirs:

Thank you for the excellent article on women's sports. It is about time. Speaking as a girls' high school basketball coach, I can give you some supporting facts for your research. Our girls' varsity basketball team can use either of our two high school gyms—as long as the boys' varsity, junior varsity, freshman and seventh- and eighth-grade basketball teams and boys' varsity, junior varsity and freshman wrestling teams are finished using them (*i.e.*, at delightful times like 8 a.m. Saturday or on Sunday afternoon). We can also use the grade school gym (lower baskets) if we want to—but, of course, only after the boys' fifth- and sixth-grade teams are done with it. Need I say more? *Please* continue to support women's athletics.

MARYLYN STROUP

Verona, Wis.

Sirs:

Congratulations on giving recognition to Iowa's Wayne Cooley in your articles. Never has one man done so much for so many girls. Cooley and the Iowa Girls' High School Athletic Union are blazing a trail in wholesome athletic participation for women. Here's hoping that 49 more states will get the message.

HARLEY REDIN

Plainview, Texas

Sirs:

The entire women vs. men thing has been blown out of proportion. Let them compete!

continued







Bill Notman, Boston, Mass. 30 years old. Financial planner. Bought Century Regal, Buick's top intermediate.

After 10 years of owning foreign cars, Bill Notman suddenly bought a Buick. There must be a reason.

For Bill Notman, a car has to be just three things.

Refined.

Well built.

And fun to drive.

Tough list to fill.

Which prompted Bill to buy his first foreign car 10 years ago.

And why, a few months ago, he bought his first Buick.

A Century Regal.

According to Bill, "I drove it; I liked it; I bought it."

The reason it appealed is simple. Buick Century is something of a paradox.

In one respect, Century's a roomy, comfortable American car. Quiet. Nicely finished. A real Buick.

In another respect, it's flat-cornering, smooth-handling — a personal kind of car.

And if you like, you can heighten the effect with extras like steel-belted radial tires, sport wheels—even the big 455 engine, which Bill's car has.

Check out a Buick Century. You'll find, as Bill Notman attests, "Pricewise, it's pretty darned competitive."

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Par 4...427 Yards.



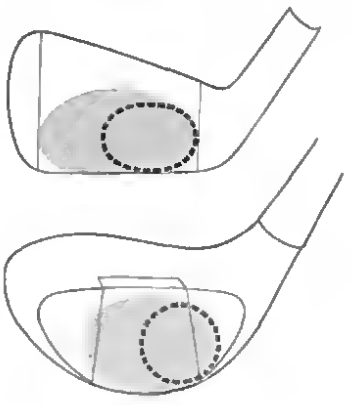
be there in two with a set of all new MacGregor Tourneys.

MacGregor Tourneys...first with a wider sweetspot in both woods and irons.

Three things happen to a ball hit on the sweetspot. It flies right where it's aimed; it has backspin and loft; it goes a long way. You can feel the entire club working with you to produce a long, accurate, controlled shot.

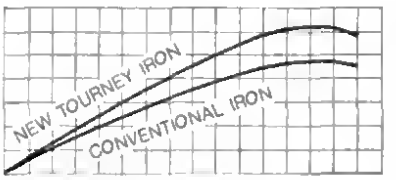
Tourney. The sweet set.
Tourney is more than just another set of clubs. Tourney is the first matched set of woods and irons with a wider sweetspot designed into *every* club.

In each new Tourney wood and iron, the club head has been completely redesigned and precisely balanced by scientifically positioning weight in the critical heel and toe areas. This unique concept of weight distribution extends the sweetspot across the entire face of every club and has a stabilizing effect on the club head, holding it square even on shots hit off center. Tourney makes it easy to hit the sweetspot and achieve the feel of total ball control.



SWEETSPOT COMPARISON
Dotted area shows conventional sweetspot. Shaded area shows new Tourney sweetspot.

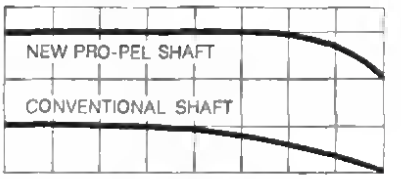
Sweetspot plus.
Tourney's new head design also concentrates weight towards the sole of the iron. This, combined with Tourney's new sole configuration reduces "turf drag," helps get the ball up faster, and causes the ball to *actually fly higher* with more backspin. In effect, the sweetspot hes not only been widened . . . but lowered too! This results in shots that easily clear sand and water to land softly and hold the green.



TRAJECTORY COMPARISON

Less hosel. Less distraction.
Tourney irons present a clean, flowing line from grip to club head. In the address position, the golfer sees only what he should see . . . the ball.

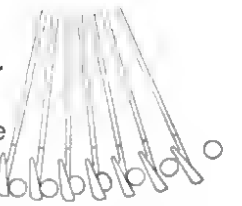
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SHAFT FLEX COMPARISON

New club. New shaft.
Tourney's new Pro-Pel lightweight steel shaft concentrates the flex toward the club head. This creates a tremendous release of energy as the club strikes the ball. The result is faster club head speed at impact producing greater distance.

Forgings for a reason.
Professional golfers know that the longer the ball remains on the club face at impact, the more feel and control they have and the more ball compression they achieve. Forgings keep the ball on the club face longer, meximizing control, accuracy and distance. Forgings for a reason . . . feel and performence.



Tourney . . . a perfectly matched set of woods and irons created to dramatically improve your game.
Don't take our word for it. Swing a set of Tourneys at your Pro Shop. We think you'd rather play Tourneys than be playing against them. Sold only through Professional Golf Shops.





How you can get a fine watch and find friendship and adventure for just

$10.95

Here is your chance for a real watch bargain. Our Swiss made **HAVERWATCH** is of superb design, has brushed steel case, stainless back, is anti-magnetic, has an extra fancy dial with sweep second hand, calendar (with magnifier) and even features a strategically placed jewel! But that isn't all. With the **HAVERWATCH** you will also receive our colorful 64-page Catalog **PLUS a $2 GIFT CERTIFICATE,** which you may apply to your first purchase. Once you are our customer and friend you'll receive every month delightful and amazing offers of outstanding merchandise. One more word about the watch: you may return it in two weeks for full refund if not delighted (and still remain our friend). And it is guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (we repair or replace free of course, only charge for postage and handling). **Haverwatch** comes in a man's and petite lady's version—so take your pick or order the pair for extra savings.

Simply clip this ad, mark your choice, jot your name and address on the margin and mail it to us with your remittance. Please be sure to add $1.00 postage and insurance per shipment and sales tax for Calif. delivery. Or if you prefer give us your BA or MC #, expiration date and your signature. Whichever you prefer, we'll send **HAVERWATCH** right out to you.

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☐ Man's **HAVERWATCH** @ $10.95
☐ Lady's **HAVERWATCH** @ $10.95
☐ "His and Hers" **HAVERWATCHES** @ $19.95

haverhill's

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369 S10618

And when it is all over ask the embarrassed 10-year-old why he quit. When he says it was because Judy was better than he was, think about it! A potential 30-game winner quits 20 years too soon while Judy goes on to make a fine housewife. Is it really worth it?

RICK W. LAWSON

Seymour Johnson AFB, N.C.

Sirs:

I must congratulate you on the article. It especially struck home for me since I have a 15-year-old sister who is an excellent athlete (baseball, basketball, football), yet is constantly being urged by family and friends to pursue more "feminine" pastimes. The fact that foreign women athletes consistently excel over our own is a sorry demonstration of the inadequacies of the sports training for women in this country. Perhaps some of the authorities who feel that girls don't need the "kind of character" that athletics builds in boys will eventually realize that organized sports, for *both* sexes, is just what we flabby Americans need.

LYNNE T. BOURJAILY

Miami

Sirs:

Thank you for your article. Through athletics—particularly team sports—one experiences the joy of real teamwork, mutual dependence and cooperation in order to achieve a goal. And for girls as well as boys, athletics build deep, honest relationships with members of the same sex. Sexual stereotypes aside, everyone should be allowed that experience.

MARGOT CONNOR

Scranton, Pa.

Sirs:

Bravo! Your article is a long-awaited acknowledgment of the problem. But beyond the disparities in finances and physical education curricula offered for women and those offered for men, observe the woman who, as a college graduate now living in an "average" community, tries to find a place to play those sports she enjoyed in college (even though the choice was limited). A few months ago I was one of two women in the progressive metropolis of Atlanta trying to find a court on which to play paddleball. None of the local Y's allowed women on their courts, nor did the community club centers. Indeed, the only place we two women (and Gentiles at that) were allowed to play was at the Atlanta Jewish Community Center. Wherein does discrimination really lie?

KATHY WEST

Chattanooga

Sirs:

Congratulations on your article *Sport is Unfair to Women.* Now I would like to see an article about the discrimination against male cheerleaders, which even SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is guilty of. In your report of this year's NIT basketball finals (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Tech?* April 2) you said, "Tech did have great cheerleaders . . . all of them bearing some resemblance to Raquel Welch." I am a VPI cheerleader and have yet to be confused with Ms. Welch.

PAUL R. SCOTT

Blacksburg, Va.

PREACHER HITS BACK

Sirs:

I read with much interest your article about Jerry Clower (*Knock 'im out, Jay-ree!* April 30), and his candid account of our personal encounter in the 1949 Baylor-Mississippi State game where he indeed learned that the "meek inherit the earth." Although I cannot attest to the veracity of everything Jerry says about the game, I can't deny all of it either. However, here is *my* side of the story and I'll stick with it.

Jerry hit me first and busted *my* lower lip wide open (1949, you know, was way back when the only linemen who wore face guards were those who *already* had a broken nose.) Well, I guess I kinda lost my temper and clobbered him—but after all, even SI would have lost its temper, too, if it was going to have to preach to a little country congregation the next morning with a busted lower lip with nine stitches in it!

RAY V. MAYFIELD JR.

Houston

SECRET OF COZUMEL

Sirs:

I enjoyed Coles Phinizy's article on Cozumel (*Being Eaten Alive by Sailfish*) in your April 23 issue. Since then I have visited the island for a few days and I certainly agree that it is a delightfully crazy spot.

Being a bird watcher of long standing, I was impressed with Phinizy's comments concerning the strange behavior on Cozumel of the boat-tailed grackle (not one of our favorite birds on the Texas coast). Indeed they sing more sweetly on Cozumel (not so raucous), and their actions are completely carefree. I discovered the reason for this when I was on the beach in front of our hotel shortly after dawn one morning. I noted several green coconut halves in the sand, overnight remnants of the locally popular Coco Loco drink, which contains coconut milk mixed with rum, gin or vodka. The grackles were busily dipping their beaks into the Coco Loco dregs, and then lifting their heads to greet the new day.

J. W. HOOVER

Houston

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Benson & Hedges 100's.
18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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100's
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Soft Whiskey belongs to the most exclusive club in the world. It has a membership of one.

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